

E. 1305.12

The

666.

CARD

OF

Courtship :

OR,

The LANGUAGE

OF

LOVE;

Fitted to the Humours of all
Degrees, Sexes, and Conditions.

Made up of
all sorts of

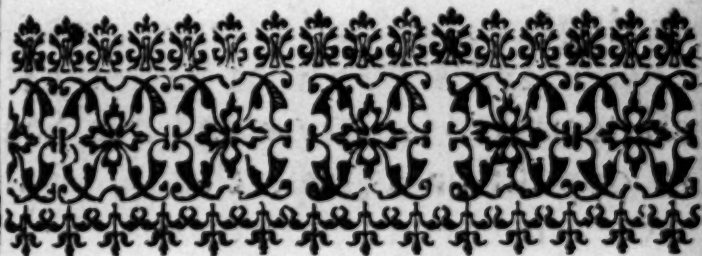
Curious and ingenious DIALOGUES,
Pithy and pleasant DISCOURSES,
Eloquent and winning LETTERS,
Delicious SONGS and SONNETS,
Fine FANCIES, Harmonious ODES &
Sweet RHAPSODIES.

LONDON,

Printed by J. C. for Humphrey Moseley;
and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe
of the Prince's Arms in S. Paul's Church-yard. 1652

Jan 14 Church-yard. 1653.





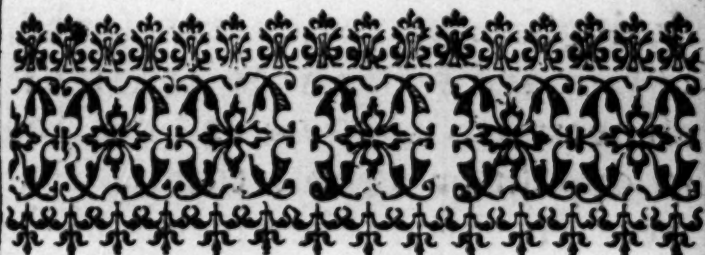
To the longing Virgins,
amorous Batchelors, blithe Widows,
kinde Wives, and flexible Husbands,
of what Honour, Title, Calling, or
Conversation soever, within the
REALM of **GREAT BRITAIN**.

Soluble Souls,



Hey say, that *Bacchus* and
Cupid, as they were one
day going on hunting,
took *Minerva* in a net;
giving us to understand,
that none so seemingly austere, but
one time or other hath an itching
desire to sport himself in *Adonis*
Grove





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The Epistle Dedicatory.

Grove. I confess it comes neer to a Syllogisme in these times (when *Mars* and *Bellona* sit as Rectors o're all hearts) to set *Venus* and her Son in opposition against them , as it were to thwart the current of the times: but I hope you (Gentlemen and Ladies, Citizens and Lasses) are not so far in love with the bellowing of the Drum, or the clangor of the Trumper, that the sweet and harmonious tunes of Love shall prove unacceptable unto you: for if so, my self, (who have been forced through whole Forests of bryars, by the malice of the times) of all men living, have the least reason to whisper these soft numbets in your eares. I dare not so much injure the ensuing work, as to crave pardon of the severest Stoick or austereſt Cy-nick for my wantonneſs, ſince not a looſe line is ſcatter'd throughout this Volume, as alſo, becauſe I know (in private) the curſteſt carper of them
all,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

all, will hug me for their pleasure (if not for their profit) For those nice Ignorammuses who slight all Courtship as lascivious, all Complements as trivial and enormous, I shall onely say this unto them, that love (I mean not such as that of *Semiramis*, or *Messalina*) is the Author of all perfection: The greatest Doctors are but Dunces, till love hath refined them, and they know what his power is; they after that becoming witty and courtly Inditers: for necessity findeth out the art, the lovers ardent affection compelling him to finde out all waies for the attaining his Mistress love; discoursing unto her his loyal affections in smooth or pleasing termes, or else touching them sweetly or daintily in writing curiously, and with a courtlike phrase, which art because I here undertake to teach, I have named my work *The CARD of COURTSHIP*; wherein are included such variety of conceited Courtships, that
(I doe

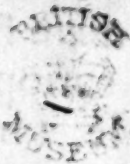
The Epistle Dedicatory.

(I dare boldly affirm it) you cannot wish for that favour, which you may not there gather. I beseech you crop them with a courteous hand, which shall for ever oblige me to importune for you at Loves footstool, beseeching him to use you according to your several constitutions, granting you the full fruition of your desires in all safety and tranquillity, So wishes

Your devoted servant,

Musophilus.

The





The Card of COURTSHIP OR, The language of LOVE.

To the Reader.

Here Cupid, in a quaint disguise,
 Cover'd with leaves, in slumber lies:
 Yet doth he not himself so hide,
 But all thy spirits will be tride,
 If this Volume thou turn over,
 And he awake, wanting his cover.
 Here many hearts as victims stand:
 Here read, how beauty to command,
 Though rugged, like the Panthers skin;
 Here thou must learne to love and win.
 Or if so happy's thy condition,
 Thou of thy love hast the fruition;
 Here such pleasures thou mayst find,
 So sweet, and of so various kind,
 That rockt into a pleasing dream,
 Thou'lt wish I'd had an ampler theam.
 The Arabian winde, that gently blows
 Blushes to the bashful Rose,
 Yeilds not an odour of more price
 Then flowers set in this Paradise.
 Read: I am sure, thou'lt not repent thee;
 And I am happy to content thee.



Complemental Dialogues.

A Virgin licensed by her Father to make choice of whom she likes best for her husband, Imagine you hear one who dearly affects her, courting her after this manner: their names suppose to be

AMANDUS, and JULIETTA.

Aman.



Ow, Lady, your Fathers goodnels hath left you to your owne dispose; and I the admirer of your vertues, have free leave to present my best affections: Then save that creature, whose life depends on you; whose every power ownes not himself, but you: you are that Deity to whom my heart presents its first devotion, and in a holy flame, remaines a Sacrifice, till you please to accept it.

Juliet. I should prove to my self unjust, in the neglect of one that nobly loves me; therefore what affection I may bestow, and yet retain my freedome (I mean that freedom, by which I may on just occasion withdraw my heart) I were ingrateful should I not present it.

Aman. May I become the scorne of time, and all mens hate pursue me, when I prove so foul, to give occasion you call back your love.

Juliet.

Juliet. Cease these hasty protestations ; I assure my self, the pureness of your soul is without spot or blemish ; and while you so continue, I shall boast me happy, i'th' glory of such a choice.

Aman. O let me fly into your bosome ! on your lip confirm my happiness ; there study some new way of number, to multiply my bliss. The treasures of grace and nature were quite exhausted, to accomplish your perfections.

Juliet. Fie, fie ; leave for shame.

Aman. What, dearest ?

Juliet. This superfluous Language. I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured on Poetick raptures, hugging the Verse, but spitting at the Author : none of those that are taken with flattering Acrosticks ; and to have their names so disjoyned in an Anagram, that 'twould puzzle ten Magicians to put them together againe. I esteem not Golden Language, and I'll tell you why ; because 'twas seldeme bestowed on man, but to gild over a Copper Soul within him.

Aman. Can you be so cruel, to deem my Language feign'd ?

Juliet. Nor am I. I grant you, Love and Poesie are divine, commonly infus'd together : yet ordinarily, 'tis ty'd to rules of flattery.

Aman. Far be it from me, to speak a Language should displease your ear.

Juliet. Well ; more Oratory would but bring the rest into suspicion whether it be real : let it suffice I love you ; and if all occurrents sute my expectation, it sha'n't be long ere *Hymen* seal the contract. Farewell.

Aman. Farewell, excellent Mistress.

Eugenia, and Flavia, two neer neighbouring Damsels, discourse of their loves; resolving not to marry old men for money.

Eug. **F**lav^a, I kiss your hands.

Flav. *Eugenia*, I pray you pardon me; I saw you not.

Eug. I faith you have fixt thoughts, draw your eys inward, that you see not your friends before you.

Flav. True; and I think, the same that trouble you.

Eug. Then 'tis the love of a young Gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old dotard.

Elav. 'Tis so, witness your brother *Francisco*, and the rotten carcass of old *Roderigo*: had I a hundred hearts, I should want room to entertain his love, and the others hate.

Eug. I could say as much, were't not sin to slander the dead. Miserable wenches! how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need of Physick our selves? I thank my dead mother that left me a womans will, in her last Testament; that's all the weapons we poor Gyrls can use; and with that will I fight, against father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy *Fo. o. Losco*, or die in the field in's quarrel.

Flav. You are happy, that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.

Eug. Why? should I twine my armes to cables, sit up all night like a watching Candle, and distill my brains, through my eye-lids? Your brother loves me and I love your brother; and where these two consent, I would fain see a third could hinder us.

Fla. Alas, our sex is most wretched; no soeoner born, but nups'd up from our Infancy in continual slavery; no sooner able to pray for our selves, but they
braile

braile and hnd us so with sowre awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate our desires : and whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure, we (poor sculs) must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother

Eug. I will plainly profess my love ; 'tis honest, chaste, and stains not modesty Shall I be married (by my fathers compulsion) to an old mandrake, who is able to beget nothing but groanes ; a hunting-gelding, a saln pack-horse ? No, no ; I'll see him freeze : to crystal hrst. In other things, good Father, I am your most obedient daughter ; but in this, a pure woman. And in troth, the temper of my blood tells me, I was never boin to so cold a misfortune : my *Genius* whispers me in the ear, and sweares, We shall injoy our Loves ; fear it not, wench ; and so farewell, good *Elavia*, farewell, farewell.

Fla. Farewel, merry-hearted *Eugenia*.

Corvino, a rustick clowne, complements with Beancha, a Kitchen-maid.

Corv. **H**E that saies I am not in love, he lies
de cap a pe : for I am Idle, choicely
 neat in my cloathes, valiant, and ex-
 ceed witty ; my meditations are loaded with Me-
 taphors ; Songs and Sonnets flow from me as flu-
 ently, as *Heigh, gee* ; not one shakes his tail, but I
 sigh out a passion : thus do I to my mistrels ; but
 alas, I kiss the dog, and she kicks me. I never see
 a wanton Filly, but I say, There goes *Beancha* ; nor
 a lusty strong Als, but I remember my self, and sit
 down to consider what a goodly race of Mules
 would inherit, if she were willing : onely I want
 utterance, and that's a main mark of love too.

The Card of Courtship: or,

Bean. *Corvino*, What price bear Wheat and Saffron, that your Band's so stiff and yellow? why *Corvino*, not a word! Prethee what business in Town? how do all at Totnam? Grown mute! what do you bring from the Country?

Corv. There 'tis; now are my floud-gates drawn, and I'll surround her. What have I brought, sweet bit of beauty? a hundred thousand salutations o' the elder house, to your most Illustrious honour and worship.

Bean. To me these Titles? is your basket full of nothing else?

Corv. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendent Lady; a present to your worthiness, from your worships poor vassal *Corvino*.

Bean. My life on't he scrap'd these Complements from his Carr, the last load he carried to the City. But what have you read, *Corvino*, that makes you grow thus eloquent? why, you talk nothing but warbling Rhapsodies!

Corv. Sweet Madam, I read nothing, but the lines of your Ladiships countenance; and desire onely to kiss the skirts of your Garments, if you vouchsafe me not the happiness of your white hands.

Bean. Come, give me your basket, and take it.

Cor. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breath, but at my Nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. *Beancha*, I must tell you a secret, if you'll make much on't.

Bean. As it deserves: what is't?

Corv. I love you, dear morsel of modesty, I love, and so truly, that I'll make you mistress of my thoughts, Lady of my revenues, and commit all my moveables into your hands; that is, I give you an earnest kiss, in the high way of Matrimony.

Bean. This the end of all the business?

Corv.

Corv. Is this the end of all this business, most beautiful, and most worthy to be most beautiful Lady?

Bea. Hence fool, hence; farewell *Co. idon*.

Corv. Why now she knowes my business, she put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket; 'tis a plain signe she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning. O lips! no lips, but leaves besmear'd with Mildew. O dew! no dew, but drops of Honey-combs. 'Tis a rare morsel of dripping: O how happy shall I be to recreate my chine with her! I'll follow her, were I sure to be basted with Salt and Vinegar.

A Citizens wife, in love with a Suburb-Gentleman, confers with a Curtizan how to obtain his love, and yet not purchase her husbands discontent. Their names suppose to be,

ARMELINA, and DECOY.

Arme. Fain would I meet the Gentleman.

Dec. Pish, Faine would you meet him? why do you not take the course?

Arme. The means is easily resolv'd; what thinkst thou?

Dec. Thus: meet him at Mr. *Strouds* house, the 'henix; there's a Gossips feast to morrow-night.

Arme. O but my husbands Jealous Eyes!

Dec. When husbands in their rank'st suspicions
Then 'tis our best art to dissemble. Well, (dwell,
But but these notes in use that I'll direct you,
He'll curse himself that ere he did suspect you.
Perhaps, he will sollicite you, as in tryal,
To visite such, and such: still give denial;
Let no Perswasions sway you; they are but fetches
Set to betray you; Jealousies, slights, and reaches

Seem in his sight, to endure the sight of no man;
 Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common,
 Neglect all entertainment: if he bring in
 Strangers, keep you your Chamber; be not seen,
 If he chance steal upon you, let him find
 Some book lie open, 'gainst an unchast mind.
 Manage these principles but with art and life,
 Welcome all Nations, thou'rt an honest w.f.

Arme. Here, Lady, convey my heart unto him in
 this Jewel: against you see me next, you shall per-
 ceive I have profited: in the mean season, tell him I
 am a Prisoner yet on the Masters side, my husbands
 Jealousie, that masters him as he doth master me:
 and as a Keeper that locks Prisoners up, is himself
 prison'd under in his owne key,
 Even so my husband, in restraining me,
 With the same ward bars his own liberty.

Dec. I'll tell him how you wisht it; and I'll weare
 My wits to nothing, but these clouds shall cleare.

A young Citixen, Courting his Neighbour's daughter.
Their names

ANTONIO, and BEATRICE.

Ant. **G**ood morrow, sweet *Beatrice*; in ex-
 change of this kiss, see what I have
 brought thee from thee from the Ex-
 change.

Bea. What mean you, Sir, by this?

Ant. Ghess that by the circumstance: here's a
 Ring, wear't for my sake; twenty Angels, pocket
 them, you fool. Come, come, I know thou art a
 Maid: say nay, and take them.

Bea. Sir, I beseech you, fasten no more upon
 mee, then I may at ease shake off. Your gift I re-
 verence

verence, yet refuse : and I pray tell me, Why do you make so many errands hither, send me so many Letters, fasten on me so many Favours ? what's your meaning in't ?

Anto. Hark in thy ear, I'll tell thee : Is't possible so soft a body should have so hard a soul ? Nay now I know my penance ; you will be angry and school me for tempting your modesty. A fig for this modesty ; it hinders many a good man from many a good turne, and that's all the good it doth : but if thou but knewest, *Beatrice*, how I love thee, thou wouldst be far more tractable. Nay, I bar chiding when thou speakest ; I'll stop thy lips if thou dost but offer an angry word : by this hand I'll do't, and with this hand too.

Bea. Sir, if you love me, as you say you do, show me the fruits thereof.

Ant. The flock I can ; thou mayst see the fruits heereafter.

Bea. Can I believe you love me, when you seek the shipwrack of my honour ?

Anto. Honour ! there's another word to flap in a mans mouth. Honour ! why shouldest thou and I stand upon our honour, that were neither of us yet right worshipful ?

Bea. I am sorry, Sir, I have lent so large an ear to such a bad discourse ; and I protest, after this hour, never to do the like. I must confess, of all the Gentlemen that ever courted me, you have possess'd the best part in my thoughts : but this course language exiles you quite from thence. Sir, had you come, instead of changing this my honest name into a Strumpet's, to have honour'd me with the chaste title of an honest wife, I had reserv'd an ear for all your suits ; but since I see your rudeness finds no limit, I'll leave you to your lust.

10 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

Ant. You shall not, *Beatrice*.

Bea. Then keep your tongue within more moderate bounds.

Ant. I will; as I am vertuous, I will. I told you the second word would be a marriage: it makes a man forfeit his freedom, and walk up and down ever after, with a chaine at his heels. Marriage is like *Dædalus* his Labyrinth; and being once in, there's no finding the way out. Well, I love this little property most intolerably; and I must set her on the last, though it cost me all the shooes in my shop. Well, *Beatrice*, thou seest my Stomach is come down; thou hast my heart already, there's my hand.

Beat. But in what way?

Ant. Nay I know not the way yet; but I hope to finde it hereafter, by your good direction.

Bea. I mean, in what manner? in what way?

Ant. In the way of Marriage, in the way of honesty. I hope thou art a maid, *Beatrice*.

Bea. Yes Sir, and I accept it; in exchange of this, you shall receive my heart.

Ant. A bargain, and there's earnest on thy Lips.

A Courtship (eloquently carried on to both sides) between a youth, and his formerly-solicited fair one. Their names suppose to be

RADOLPHUS, and TOMASO.

Rad. **W**elcome, fair one; I hope my pardon's seal'd, for this presuming on what you might call rudeness.

Toma. You have shap'd an Apology altogether needless, to excuse a guilt, when none appears: I

owe much to your vertue; it doth command my thoughts.

Rad. Which are so glorious, I must admire the actions that expresse them. I hope your judgement doth not call it ill, that my intemperate anger, being grounded on vertuous suspicion (last time I saw you) did transport me beyond a moderate passion: I am satisfied; your innocence hath clear'd my Jealousie.

Tonia. Sir, 'tis a noble resolution: pure love's a vertue Nature onely teacheth, and born with generous spirits that distinguish the object truly; fighting those respects, that work on grosser minds.

Rad. Fairest, I shall use no other circumstance, or paint a passion my reasons eye allowes, though my first sense convey'd the knowledge of your outward form and full perfections, which must needs contain a richer inside: Vertue seldom dwells, but in a glorious frame. I love your goodness, which outvies your beauty: in my new-born wishes, I have determin'd you the partner of all that's mine: my estate's not very mean; if it were, Zeal should supply: I'd strive to merit the free gift of your self; and in exchange, returne my self.

Tonia. Sir, I could answer you in your own words: for I presume your thoughts are noble, like your self, unmixt with flattery courtships infection, and the poisonous breath that makes pure love suspected, whether it be sound, or plaister'd, to deceive our credulous weakness, till it hath possesst us with some foul leprosie. Your handmaid yeelds to what agrees with honour; if the meanness of her condition may presume to call her honest credit so.

Rad. How do you blefs me, as suddenly as my desires

12 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

peſires could ſhape a means to work it ! inſtantly
the Church ſhall ſeal the bargain.

Tom. Would you not deliberate ? Thoſe acts are
laſting, and concern the being of all your after-life.

Rad. 'Tis heav'ns providence that hath diſpos'd
it : thus I ſeal my vows.

*The Lover having an hope now to attain his Miſtreſſe
gran', preſents her a Ring, with this Eulogy.*

WHile this involves your heart, and Maſter-vein,
Imagine you are loſt to your diſdain :
This myſtically whiſpers in your ear,
(With your ſtrange coyneſs) I my doubts caſhiere.
Sweet, let it be ſo ; do as I intend,
And (like to this) our love ſhall have no end.
The *Persians*, who adore the riſing Sun,
Will have each morn a *Flamin*-ſor to run
Six times about a circle, to content
Great *Jove*, upon his Temples battlement ;
Thereby mythologizing (ſure) that he
Will love his creatures to Eternity.
This typifies, we ought to love for ever,
And that no harſh fate ought our loves to ſever.
But Rings are nothing : if true love we want,
Our hearts muſt be hem'd round with Adamant
Impregnable againſt aſſault and Batt'rie,
Not to be ta'en by fear, or won by Flatt'rie.
This ſeems to ſay, what ſongs heav'ns quire ſhall ſing
Whenas my arms ſhall be thy bodies Ring.

The language of Love.

A pleasing Dialogue between a witty Lady, and a silly Gentleman: Their (supposed) names

CRISPINO, and PAMELA.

CRISPINO.

I Sent you a Letter, Madam.

Pam. I received it (Sir) to my great happiness.

Crip. How did you relish it, Lady?

Pam. Excellent well (Sir) you write most elegantly. Oh that I had your Genius!

Crip. I have twenty as good as these lying by me; they shall be all at your service.

Pam. You are too much a Courtier: I must chide you: I did never deserve those Epithets your Paper throws upon me.

Crip. Epithets! I beseech you, Lady, to impute that to the fretfulness of my brain. If any thing rare slip my pen, whereby I may incur your Ladyships indignation, I'll recant it publicly.

Pam. I will enjoyne you no such penance, for 'tis an injury easily remitted: 'tis the glory, they say, of Lovers, to Hyperbolize.

Crip. Hyperbolize! What's that? I have not the word yet in my Alphabet. I hope, Lady, you harbour a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would Hyperbolize with you; that were immodest.

Pam. Not at all (Sir) I think.

Crip. By my faith (Lady) but it is: do you think I know not what Hyperbolizing is? that were simplicity. If any thing within my letters may be drawn within construction of Hyperbolizing, condemn not me for it: by my service, Lady, I had no intention.

†

The Card of Courtship: or,

ention to stretch so far to your dishonour; it shall teach me wit to write my Letters hereafter.

Pam. Sir, you do me too much satisfaction, your error being a smal one.

Crisp. 'Tis your favour, when I commit a *Peccadille* against your brightness: I confess I deserve to be extinguished your presence for it. I did love you, Lady, (as I remember) when I was an Infant.

Pam. How (Sir!) I hardly understand you.

Crisp. We are infants, you will grant, when we cannot speak; and I lov'd you full five months and a halfe ere I had power to tell you of it, I am certain.

Pam. I was not worth so much (Sir.)

Crisp. Nay, for that (Lady) I'll shew my self deserving: were you worthy, it were less art of mine to love you; that were a poor thing: I do not stand on worth, Lady; I would not have you think so ignobly of me, that I affect you for your worth; I had rather (upon my honour) have you in your smock, then all the Ladies in the world starke naked.

Aam. Now your language is coarse.

Crisp. My love is sure, and like the Sun transparent.

Pam. Now you complement; I know you are excellent at it.

Crisp. Troth not I, Lady; I cannot complement; I do but refulgent your beauty, whose mellifluous voice peirces the Air: 'faireh, Lady, credit me, I ne'r could complement in my life. Let me see;

Most fair,

Whom young Apollo courted for her hair.

There are Poetical furies in the City; but I converse not with them.

where

The language of Love.

*We've ever cheeks of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to be imprison'd in a Chamber?*

Lady, I do but piddle, a pretender, I know not
how to complement.

Pam. You now (Sir) complement unto the height.

Crisp. Alas, not I, I cannot make verses neither.

Thy dainy seal of virgin-wax,

That nothing but impression lacks.

Pam. You are an excellent Poet, I perceive
(Sir.)

Crisp. I'll tell you, Lady, a strange thing; you
see these trifles: before I was in love, I could not
have made an Acrostick in a day, sometimes two.

Pam. Now you can make Chronograms.

Crisp. I think I can; and Anagrams, for a need.

Pam. Sir, you are wondrously improv'd; Love
has inspir'd you richly; I perceive *Cupid* is a mute
too.

Crisp. I cannot sleep anights, for the multitude
of Verses that are capering in my skull.

Pam. I wonder you are not mad.

Crisp. You may, but I have a gift to help it; I al-
low my self set times to vent them, they would
blow me up else.

Pam. As how, I pray (Sir?) I long to hear
this.

Crisp. Why thus: in the morning, when I have
said my prayers in verse (which fall from me, and
I ne'r think on 'em) next my heart I scribble out
an Ode: after my breakfast, I fall upon a Satyr:
when I have rail'd my self into a fresh stomach (you
understand me) a matter of two hours I dream,
as it comports with our British Bards to sleep;
then, I say, I dream familiarly an Heroick Po-
em.

Pam. Dream! how mean you (Sir?)

The Card of Courtship: or,

Crisp. Lady, while you live, your dreaming Po-
ets are the best, and have distilled raptures; I mean,
spirits that converse with them, and reach them
what to write. This I set down before I eat againe;
after, I walk upon the strength of supper into the
Park, and ruminate an Elegie: at return, I do
discourse of Epigrams, and Epitaphs, upon some
one or other of my kinred.

Pam. 'Tis now your course for your Heroick
Poem; 'twere best you slept (Sir:) I'll take my
leave.

*A merry Pastoral Dialogue, maintained between two
Shepherds, viz.*

CLAIUS, and CLEOPHON.

CLAIUS.

Which is she, among the Swains,
On whom the gentle *Clains* dains
To cast a sheeps-eye, nod, or wink,
But does her self immortal think?
Who, indeed, has such a face,
So full of a bewitching grace?
My head loves pillow where he does rest,
As safe as Magpie in her nest:
My forehead sweetly is bespred
With Violets, and Tulips blew and red:
The amber Couslip, and th' coral Rose,
Precious complexion of my sweeter nose:
My eyes are elements from which fall showers
That make my cheeks a spring of sev'ral flowers:
So is my head a nosegay growing on one stalk;
My body is the garden, though it walk;
And there's no woman but may well
To the worst part about it smell.

My

The Card of Courtship : or,

My armes are Dragons, that defend all these
Now view'd in me, living *Hesperides*.

CLEOPHON.

Who looks on *Clains*, that will not suppose
The blushing Piony growing on his nose?
The yellow Primrose, that in woods had went
To flourish, springs up in his amber front.

CLAIR'S.

When they on *Strephon* will not gaze,
On me they stare, with much amaze;
And when on him, as on a clown,
With lowring looks they scowle and frown;
Let gentle *Clains* but vouchsafe
To let them look on him, they laugh.

CLEOPHON.

And well they may; for when they look upon
Thy face, they view all fools conjoyn'd in one.

*A Dialogue (for the recreation of the Reader) supposed
between*

BOMBO, and JACOMO.

BOMBO.

I Tell thee, honest *Jacomo*, that I
No more affect a woman, then the skie
Does birds that soare in it; they are as vain,
Inconstant as the flying show'rs of rain.

JACOMO.

And for my part (friend *Bombo*) there's no maid,
Whether in home-spun gray, or silks arayd,
But when she *Jacomo* doth view,
Though I hye, but will pursue;
Throw her eyes out on my shape,
Call me Pigmey, pretty ape:
Some there are that do suppose
Loves hot fire is in my nose,
With which they scorcht, for pittie cry,

Blow

The Card of Courtship: or,

Blow it out, *Jacomo*, or we die;
Other say my head's a bell,
My hair the ropes that ring the bell;
Here's a Leg as neatly made,
As any o're a woman layd;
A thigh proportionable, I tak't;
O the maids long to see it nak'd!
A tayle, some say, does hang thereby,
Which none must know but thee and I.
I have a back too, though I say't
That should not, can bear any weight:
Full limbs, with sinews strong and plump;
A lustie chine; and for my rump,
'Tis so well made, and firmly knit,
The widows all are mad for it.

BOMBO.

Women are shadows, fly away,
When follow'd, or desir'd to stay:
But if you slight them, they will sure,
Follow, intreat, nay fly to you:
But if stiff and strong you stand,
You may treat them at command;
But lye down, the pretty Elves
Will streight fall under you of themselves.
Like my Spaniel, beaten, they
Will lick your lips, and with you play.
This is the sole reason why
They love me so doggedly.
Women are slippery as Eels;
Their mindes are light as are their heels;
And every one's for what she feels.

JACOMO.

Who would trust a woman, when
They are the onely curse of men?
Syrens sing but to entice
The men to a fools paradise.

The Card of Courtship : or,

Hyenas spake but to betray
To certain ruine ; so do they.
Crocodiles shed teares of slaughter ;
Women weep when they mean laughter.
Inconstant, cruel, false, unkind,
Are attributes that suit their mind.

A Dialogue between { *GALFREDO,*
 and ROSANA.

ROSANA.

Sir, I cannot finde how I am guilty of any cause
that may prompt you to suspect either my love or
duty.

Gal. I believe thee (dear *Rosana* :) but this in-
junction is so severe and strange, it cannot chuse
but puzzle thy consent at first.

Ros. Sir, make it known ; I cannot be so slow in
the performance of your will, as you are to re-
veal it.

Gal. Thy breath is far more sweeter then the
smoke ascending from the *Phoenix* funeral-pile ; I
could kiss thee, even engender on thy lips.

Ros. You were not wont to be thus pleas'd : shew
me, good Sir, which way I may requite your passi-
on ; speak the suit you talk on.

Gal. Dear *Rosana*, I do love thee, love thee,
and would enjoy thee.

Ros. How (Sir) dare you divulge to me such bru-
tishness ? indeed the beasts promiscuously do mix,
but man made in the likeness of the Gods, orders
his actions to a safer end. Fare you well (Sir) I
dare not hear you further.

The Card of Courtship: or,

A Dialogue between { DANDALO, and
 { LAURIANA.

DANDALO.

Dear'est Mistress, when shall my ardent love be made compleatly happy by the enjoying that, which it makes the object of desire? shall this fair morning be consecrated to *Hymen*?

Lau. Worthy Sir, so great is the Antipathy betwixt your birth and fortune and my condition, whose inferiour aine dares not be levell'd higher then its equality, makes (cowards policy) fear to be sole and true excuse of my delay; for (Sir) were you once satiated with the thing you call pleasure, your edge taken off, I know not what there is in me can whet new appetite, or revive a dying love.

Dan. Why? I'll keep thee like my wife; be content to my pleasure, be sure I'll serve thy will with full content: my credit's safe: to keep a Mistress youths excuse may serve, but an inferiour match brands my posterity.

Lau. Sir, I do hate your base desires; may your foul lusts still keep you companie, until abuse and shame teach you amendment; what a brave Orator is sin! how it can paint it self with golden words of pleasure and delight!

Dan. I never could brook these women-preachers: Fare you well, Lady.

Lau. Would you could (Sir) so soon take leave of Lust.

The language of Love.

A rough Souldier, in discourse with a soft Lady.

ALLINDRO, and IPHIGENIA.

ALLINDRO.

NOW, Lady, are you in haste? or do you slight a presence may challenge your observance? I am come confident of my merit, to inform you, you ought to yeild me the most strict regard your love can offer.

Iphi. Sir, I am not (though I affect not self-conceited boast) so ignorant of my worth, but I deserve from him who will enjoy me, a respect more fair and court like.

Allin. The blunt phrase of war is my accustom'd language; yet I can tell you y'are very handsome, and direct your looks with a becoming posture; I must speak in the Heroick Dialect, as I use to court *Pellona*, when my desires aime at a glorious victory.

Iphi. You'll scarce conquer a Lady with this stern discourse; *Mars* did not woo the Queen of love in armes, but wrapt his batter'd limbs in Persian silkes, or costly Tyrian purples, spoke in smiles to win her tempting beauty.

Allin. I'll bring well-manag'd troops of Souldiers to the fight, draw big battalia's like a moving field of standing corn blown one way by the winde, against the frighted enemy; the Van shall save the Rere a labour, and by me marshal'd shall fold bright conquest in the curles. *Peneian Daphne*, who did fly the Sun, shall give her boughes to me for ravishment, to invest my awful front; and this shall prostrate (spight of all opposition) your nice soul to my commanding merit.

Iphi.

The Card of Courtship: or,

Iphi. These high tearms were apt to fright an enemy, or beget terroure in flinty bosomes. Can you think a timorous Lady can affect her feare, yield the security of her peace and life to the protection of her horroure? you must not perswade my thoughts, that you who vary to the scene of love, can act it presently.

Allin. Slighted (Lady!) 'tis a contempt inhumane, and deserves my utmost scorne: I must finde one more pliant.

Some person of honour being enamoured on a country-Gentlewoman, a dispute supposed between

MONTALTO, and GENTILLA.

MONTALTO.

YOU have no fear (*Gentilla*) to trust your self with me.

Gent. I can (Sir) forget my self so much, as to forget you are my Lord, &c. and in a wilderness could have no thought, with the least prejudice upon your vertue.

Mon. You have the greater innocence at home; my intents are fair enough, and you may stand the danger of a question: pray how old are you?

Gent. Although it be not held a welcome complement to our sex, my duty bids me not dispute. I am Fifteen, my mother says, (my Lord.)

Mon. And are you not in love?

Gent. I must not charge my self with so much Ignorance, to answer that I understand not what it meanes. I know the word, but never could apply the sence, or finde in it a passion more then ordinary.

Mon. Cupid hath lost his quiver then; he could not

The language of Love.

not be arm'd, and let you scape, whose sole captivity would be more glory then the conquest made, (as Poets feigne) upon the Gods.

Gen. 'Tis language with which you are pleas'd to mock your humble hand-maid.

Mon. But this assures him blind.

Gen. He would deserve to lose his eyes indeed, if he should aime a shaft at me.

Mon. Lady, you have a heart.

Gen. To which no other flame can approach, then that which shall light it to obedience of your will, and my good mothers.

Mon. Obedience to my will? what if it were my will that you should love?

Gen. Sir, I do love.

Mon. Love with the warm affection of a Mistress?

Gen. Him whom I affect (Sir) must not presume to fold me in his arms, till *Hymens* torches shall burn bright. Him whom I love, must be my husband (Sir.)

Mon. What if some great man court you for his friend? This age affords few women, but they will now and then hold up their laps, and let love enter in a golden showre: But I shall take a fitter time for this — Your servitor.

Gen. Your Hand-maid.

The Card of Courtship: or,

*A rich, but simple Gentleman, thus wooes
and wins a counterfeitt Lady, who not
unwillingly, yeilds to his suit: their names
suppose are*

PUPILLUS, and FLAVIA.

Pupillus.

HOW, and how stands the business?
Flav. Nay, you know best.

Pup. Perceive you not an alteration, or
transmutation in my outward person?

Flav. Methinks your words fall off your
tongue with a more becoming grace.

Pup. Think ye so? be wise and catch 'em
as they fall; they may inspire you.

Flav. you are strangely Metamorphos'd
since I saw you.

Pup. O Lady, If your heart be stone, I
would it were broken.

Flav. I have heard men wish their Mi-
stress heart wounded, never broke.

Pup. P'shew, my love is not like other
mens, that will whine, and cry, look pale, and
wear night-caps; no, my love is a bouncing
love, and makes no more of cracking a La-
dies heart, then a Squirrel of a nut: but hark
you a word in you ear (for I would not have
any

The language of Love.

any body know it) I am inspir'd.

Flav. Now by *Diana*, is it true?

Pup. I have said it ; be wise, and have me.

Flav. O you men have such strange waies to play upon poor women !

Pup. Nay there's but one way I'd play upon you.

Flav. And will dissemble most egregiously.

Pup. Who, I dissemble ? why I'll be judg'd by all the world ; yet all my acts are not simple.

Flav. Nay, I almost believe you have not a thought but what is meerly innocent.

Pup. If you'll but marry me, there is not that desire or inclination, which you shall have, but I will strive with my best part to satisfy ; what would you more ?

Flav. I must confess you promise fair :

Pup. And will perform as well.

Flav. Alas ! my Virgin-feares bid me I should not yeild. I know not what to do.

Pup. Come, I know what to do, and you'll but say I once.

Flav. Why then I wholly yeild me yours.

Pup. That's well said, this kifs in earnest ; come we'll not stand long upon the business, but be marryed presently : I must provide
Rib-

The Card of Courtship: or,

Ribbond for the Courtiers; but that cost may be spar'd, now I think on't, for their Hats are so stuff'd with Favours already, they'll finde no room to wear 'em: come then march forwards.

*Hymen! O Hymen! snuff thy torch, and see,
A pair of Lovers lead their way to thee.*

A Gentlewoman flattering her Snitor (who was none of the wisest) with hopes of enjoying her, thus recoasts him: Their names suppose to be

SYLLI, and CAMIOLA.

Camiola.

YOU see how tender I am of the quiet and peace of your affection, and what great ones I put off in your favour.

Syl. You do wisely, exceeding wisely! and when I have said, I thank you for't, be happy.

Com. And good reason, in having such a blessing.

Syl. When you have it; but the Bait is not yet ready; stay the time, while I triumph by my self. Rivals, by your leaves; I have wip'd all your noses, without a Napkin; you may cry

The language of Love.

cry Willow, Willow ; I'll onely say, Go by,
go gaze now where you please: your lips may
water, like a Puppies, over a Firmety-pot ,
while *Syl.* out of his two-leav'd Cherry-
stone-dish drinks Nectar. I cannot hold out
any longer ; Heaven forgive me, 'tis not the
first Oath I have broke ; Lady, I must take a
kiss or two, onely for a preparative.

Cam. By no means ; if you forswear your
self, we shall not prosper : I had rather lose
my longing.

Syl. Pretty soul, how careful it is of me !
Let me buss yet thy little dainty foot for't :
that I am sure is out of my Oath.

Cam. Why ? if thou canst dispence with
it so far , I'll not be scrupulous ; such a fa-
vour my amorous Shoemaker sometimes
steales.

Syl. O most rare Leather ! I do begin at
the lowest, but in time I may grow higher.

Cam. Fie, you dwell too long there : rise,
prethee rise.

Syl. O I am up already.

The Card of Courtship: or,

A civil Complement, between a great Lord, and an honourable Lady: their names are

GIOVANNI, and FIORINDA.

Giovanni.

Madam, **T**Hat without warrant I presume to trench upon your privacies, may argue rudeness of manners. But the free access your princely courtesie vouchsafes to all that come to pay their services, gives me hope to finde a gracious pardon.

Fio. If you please not to make that an Office in your construction, which I receive as a large favour from you, there needs not this Apology.

Gia. You continue as you were ever, the greatest mystery of fair entertainment.

Fio. You are, Sir, the Master, and in the Country have learnt to out-do all that in Court is practis'd; but why should we talke at such distance? Sir, give me leave to say you are too punctual: You are welcome, Sir; therefore sit, and discourse as we here used, for we have been more familiar.

Giov. Your Excellence knows so well how to command, that I can never erre when I obey you.

A Gentleman, accidentally seeing a Gentlewoman whom
on the sudden he exceedingly affects, thus cou is her.

Man. **L** Et me not be thought rude (beautious
Mistress) that being altogether a stran-
ger to you, I dare assume such confi-
dence, as to proclaim my self your Votary, and
without a blush say I love you. If you beheld your
self with my eyes, or sympathized of my passion
(which though young of growth, hath a firm fixed
root) you would not (I presume) tax me of giddie
rashness, that I suffer my self so soon to be bound in
loves letters.

Wom. Sir, you are an over-hasty lover, to ima-
gine I can at first sight of your person be surpriz-
ed, and yield: they must be strong allurements,
must tempt a bashful Virgin, still inur'd to no
companion but her feares and blushes, to give her
heart away, and live in thraldome to a stranger.

Man. Love (bright Mistress) has Eagles eyes; it
can beget acquaintance, even in a moment, sud-
denly as time, the time that does succeed it.

Wom. Sir, it seems you have studied Complement.

Man. Sweetest beauty, to make the addressees of
my love-sick heart plain and apparent to you, that
you may search through my soul, and find it all
your creature, give me your patient hearing.

Wom. 'Tis a request might tax my manners,
should I deny it to one that 's noble (as your per-
son promises.) Use your pleasure.

Man. Which consists in viewing your bright beau-
ty, the Idea of all perfections which the Jealous
heavens durst ever lend to earths divinest Lady.
Mine (Lady) is a holy intellectual zeal, past imita-
tion, should those who trace me take the constan-
cy of Swans, or never-changing Turtles.

Wom.

14 *The Card of Courtship : or,*

Wom. Sir, he's a foolish lover, who, to gain his mistress, dares not promise what you have utter'd : but I must have more then verbal assurance of your love.

Man. By your faire self, I am real ; do intend what I have told you, with as much true zeal as *Archorites* do their prayers ; and do implore you, as you have mercy in you, to take pity upon my loves stern sufferings, and redress them, by your consent to take me for your husband.

Wom. I dare not, Sir, to give away my self upon so slender arguments, as your owne bare report of true love : time and experience may produce, what yet I must not hope to hear on.

Man. Honor me then so much, as to permit me wait you home : and when that task is done, and I must part from you, as exiles from their native soile, pray think on me, as one that has plac'd his full extent of blis in your injoying : think you are the Landwrack, by which the brittle Vessel of my hopes must through loves swelling ocean be directed, to a safe harbour.

Wom. You are too powerfull in your speech : you'l put your self unto a tedious trouble to gain a thing ; which when you are possesst of, you will repent your travel.

Instructions (directed by the Author primarily to the vulgar, yet he exempts not some Gentlemen) how to demean themselves to their Mistresses.

You must not accost her with a shrug, as you were to wzie, with your Lady, Sweet Lady, or the most super-excellent Lady ; nor in the Spanish garb, with a stare-face, as you had been eating
of

of a Radish, and meant to swallow her for Mutton
to't: nor let your words come tumbling forth,
utter'd with a good full-mouth'd Oath, I love you:
but speak the language of overcomming Lovers;
I do not mean that strange pedantick phrase us'd
by some gallants who do aime at wit, and make
themselves starke asses by't; praise their Mistresses
by the Sun and Stars, while the poor Gyrles ima-
gine they mean the signes their Mercers or Perfum-
mers inhabit at: But you must in gentle, free, and
genuine phrase, deliver your true affections; praise
your Mistresses Eye, her Lip, her Nose, her Cheek,
her Chin, her Neck, her Brest, her Hand, her Foot,
her Leg, her every thing; and leave your Roses
and your Lilies for your Country-Froes to make
Nolegaies of.

*A gentleman solicites a vertuous Gentlewoman to have
the use of her body, onely to prove her: Their names
suppose to be*

ROBERTUS, and LUCRETIA.

Rob. **A**Re you still resolute (my dearest
Mistress) to persist in your strange ty-
ranny, and scorne my constant love?

Luc. Do not, Sir, abuse that sacred title which
the powers celestial glory in, by ascribing it to your
hot desires; pray rather clothe them in their owne
attributes; term them your lust, Sir, you will irre-
gular lust.

Rob. This is coyness, a cunning coyness, to make
me esteem at a high rate, that Jewel which you
seem to part from so unwillingly: (Merchants use
it, to put bad ware away:) think how much gold
and silver thou shalt gain, in the exchange of one
pool.

16 *The Card of Courtship : or,*

poor trivial commodity: that thing call'd Honour, which you so much stand upon, is meerly an imaginary voice, an unsubstantial essence; and yet for that thou shalt have real pleasures, such as Queens, prone to delicious Luxury, would cover, to late their appetites.

Lucr. Away, Sir, you have a canker'd soul; and know, Sir, not your estate (were you rich *Cæsar* heire) shall buy my honour.

Rob. Pray, sweet, forgive me; seal it with one chaste kiss, and henceforth let me adore you as the savor of my honour (had I meant as I said.) My truth and tames preserver, by heaven, I did but try you (I must confess) having a great ambition to prove them lyes, who extol'd your worth. Had you yielded to my desires (my looser heart by your consent extinguish'd) I should have esteem'd (yea, divulg'd it to the world) that you were but a piece of counterfeited gold, a fair house haunted with Goblins, which none but a mad-man would enter to possess: but I have found your worth, and beg your pardon.

Lucr. You have it, Sir, although 'twas not well done to tempt a womans weaknes. Fare you wel, Sir.

Rob. Farewell, the best of women.

The wooer (that he may the better facilitate his suit to the mistress) thus enters into conference with her maid.

Wooer. Sweet *Beancha*, thou art entirely loved of her whom I love more then my own life; thou art present at all her critical minutes; rub'st her toes, and helpst to pull her smock ore her ears: prethee, when opportunity shall conspire with time, and thou hear'st thy Mistress prailing or pitying her wooers (mentioning me amongst the rest) let me have thy applausive vote: I know thou art prevalent with her, 'bove all her other menials.

Maid.

Maid. Sir, you have amply oblig'd my gratitude, and (indeed) have bought my suffrage. Sir, expect my utmost oratory on your behalf.

Woer. Sweetest *Beancha*, I am spaciously bound to thee, and shall ever continue thy beneficial friend: prethee wear this Diamond for luck-sake: there's twenty good Angels immur'd in that one stone; I give them as thy guard: take heed, *Beancha*, that thou prove true unto me, the stone will lose its vertue else.

Maid. Fear not my fidelity: Sir, did you but know how I sollicite for you——

Woer. Nay, my *Beancha*, do not think I have least doubt of thy past paines, or future perseverance. If I obtain this Gentlewoman, thou shalt have cause to thank that fate that destin'd thee for this employment. But prethee deal candidly with me; how stands the affections of thy mistress towards her fiery suitor Mr. *E.N*? I fear, the vastness of his wealth will excuse the shallowness of his wit, and make him gracious in her eyes.

Maid. Never doubt him, Sir: my Mistress, though she hold it not convenient quite to eject him from her presence, harbours not one good thought of him: she hath profess'd to me in private, that in her esteem he's a meer stick of sugar-candy; and indeed, she sees quite thorow him. But, if my desires do not delude my hopes, you are the *Jason*, Sir, that win this *Medea*, and the Golden Fleece to boot: nor do I doubt it.

Woer. Thou sing'st sweetly in my ears: touch but this string, and I could stand a frosty winters night, throw'd but with my shirt, to hear thy melody. If our united strength can but take in this fort, we'll mutually triumph, and share one happiness. Some two hours hence, I mean to view my goddess. Farewell, my best *Beancha*.

Bea. Your best wishes wait on you, worthy Sir.

A Gentleman fired with the report of a rich (but nice widow) having abruptly forced himself into her company, thus jolluities her.

Man. **Y**Our pardon (lovely widow) for my bold intrusion. The blind boy hath wings, to signify expedition; is ever arm'd, to show that he can make way (if need be) through the strictest opposition. The fame of your feature, & not the report of your wealthy possessions, hath put me upon this practice (I mean, this unexpected visiting you) which so many mortals (either furnished with too much temerity, or else not qualified with sufficient audacity) have (hitherto) feared to attempt, weakened (it seems) with a double wound; the austerity of your deportment, and the radiant refulgencie of your Star-like eyes: the first more painfull then the latter; and the latter more insupportable then the first.

wid. Indeed, Sir, you have amply discovered your self to be more rash then wise, more giddy then grave, and more perverse then politick. What have you heard of me, that might incourage you to this supercilious sawciness? I must tell you, Sir, that you have proclaimed your owne unworthiness, with your owne tongue, by this wayward way of wooing. Do you think, Sir, to ingratiate your self into my favour by your daring Impudence? He that prescribes himself the way to gain a good opinion from me, must win it by his obsequious care, not by his abrupt arrogancie.

Man. Fair Widow, let me implore remission for this first fault; my future carriage towards you, shall be but one continued series, commixt of love and

and service. When I first hearkned to the breath of Fame (too thrifty in divulging your rare feature) I felt the flames of true affection hovering about my heart: but this inch of time that my eyes have been so blest to gaze on your bright beauty, *Cupid* hath cast all *Atma* in my bosome; and without you be pleas'd to afford me love, I shall expire in flames, and be converted to an heap of Cinders.

Wid. You have the art for to paint out a passion: but were it granted *Cupid* thus hath caught you, count you me, Sir, so leviours, as to returne a grant of what (perhaps) is not in me to give, unto a man weerly a stranger unto me (before this interviw) an acquaintance of half an hours growth? Sir, I must know your breeding, and your worth; your substance, and the temper of your mind, ere I assent unto a second marriage: but if heaven keep me fixt to my resolves, were there no better feeders of Pedigrees, then I am like to prove, Nature will have no cause for to complain of her too numerous breed.

Man. Dear Widow, you shall have a full testimony of me: my birth's not mean, my education hath been vertuous; nor is my estate yet sunk beneath the degree of fear. But do not say, (nor for both the Indies think) you'll end your daies in solitude, and like the melancholy *Phenix*, ingender with your self; 'twill give the babling vulgar cause to think, that your dead husband was no compleat man; or that your self, by some default in nature, takes no felicity in amorous acts. O flie this single life! *Venus* hath two Doves to draw her Charlot: *Daphne* was metamorphos'd to a tree; cruel *Anaxeret*, to a marble statue: but flexible *Ariadne*, converted to a glorious Star, her browes ingirt with a bright wreathe of Saphires. Nor was there any kinde

kind and gentle female, propitious to her lover, or her wedded mate, but the all-powerful Poets have divulg'd them for eminent constellations, pleasant flowers, and mates for Goddesses.

Wid. This is vain Poetry. But Sir, because I will not seem too rigid, or christen myself cruel; hereafter, when I know you better, have learnt what you have been, and what you are, you may expect as much as may be thought, from her who hugs her honour as her life; knows her own worth, yet is not proudly obstinate; must think him truly man, whom she can honour; hates not the poor, yet loves not beggary; and would in all things be a compleat woman.

Man. May I then have the promise of such happiness, as in the mean time, til your doubts are solv'd, to have access unto you. By all things vertuous, no unbeseeming errand, unbecoming gesture, or distasteful act, shall give you cause to hate, or me to fear: onely debar me not sometimes to see you.

Wid. You have your wish, Sir: as you are a Gentleman, I dare not to deny you such a favour: yet let not your visits be too frequent, too early in the morning, or too late at night. Sir, this large dispensation had not been, were I not confident of your noble thoughts, and what you (seemingly) sincerely promise.

Man. You bless me above measure.

A friend meeting an acquaintance of his accidentally at the Tavern.

The fir. **M**R. E.D. Bacchus hath much befriended me, to guide my feet to such an happiness as to imbrace you here, whose company I have
ever

ever called, my chiefe solace.

The sec. Sir, you are pleased to take notice of him, who is altogethor unworthy your acquaintance, and whose utmost ambition is to be listed amongst the number of your humblest servants.

The first. O friend! you strive to be acute in your responsions, and would fain oblige me your creature, by your voluntary submissiveness. With leave of your self, and this your worthy friend, let this room hold all three. But why, dear friend, have you so long absented your self from my dwelling?

The sec. Sir, I hope you have not been in prison, or have commenc'd a suit in Law, or been visited with sickness, that swift time (in your opinion) seems to flag his wings, or to have sprain'd his feet. It is but six daies since (accompani'd with our loving mate Mr. I.R.) I slept with you and your fair wife, at your own mansion.

The first. You have resolv'd my querie. Six daies (said you?) why to me (who love you) by computation it appeares six months. *Pilades* and *Orestes* slept beneath one roof; *Damon* and *Pithiars* never took two waies: our friendship hath been long, let it be lasting. Do you not know my self? all my Demesticks, whatever I call mine (my wife excepted) are at your command.

The se. Sir, I have ever been behold'ng to you, and do confess your many bountious favours are far beyond the hope of my requital: I love not, Sir, to heap upon the rally.

The first. Now you wrong your judgement, and desert, your first faire principles: this language doth imply, you dare not trust my goodness: this (dear friend) deserves severe amercement: I will prescribe your penance; you shall for one whole fortnight rest beneath my roof; nor
eate

eat nor drink but in my company; this to begin from the first minute that we leave this place: and as a tye unto this stipulation, pledge me this bowl of sack.

The second. You may command your creature; I'll pledge you, with a hearty zeal; although I fear you by this solemn contract have but found out a way to charge your self. —

The first. No more of that (dear friend.)

A young man who hath formerly solicited, and received a repulse, thus renews the onset, and prevails.

Young man. **S**weetest, I hope your late refusal of my love, is alter'd now, by your more gentle pity. My constancy carries more strength about it, then to be blasted with your first repulse. Forc'd forward by the cause of my affection, I must again be advocate, and hope my suit will be effected.

Maid. Sir, I beseech you, make me not thus the subject of your mirth or complement: your soul is too secure (however you are pleas'd to talk) in its owne manly vertues, from surprize of weak affection.

Young man. Your bright eyes, like heavens blest light, when from a mist of clouds he peeps, and gilds the earth with brightness, can quicken and fire even marble hearts, with love; thaw souls of Ice. A malefactor's fears are more upon him ere he do come to his tryal, then when he hears the Judge pronounce the sentence of his death; 'tis so with me; and I should be more blest, to hear that voice of yours, with a severe refusal strike me dead, then live tormented in a sad suspence, ignorant of my destinies

Maid.

Maid. Sir, could I frame my Virgine-thoughts to love, they should be fix'd on you: but I am so well content and settled in a Virgin life, I cannot wish to change it.

Young man. Alas, fair maid, Virg'nity is but a single good, a happiness which, like a Misers wealth, is as from others, so from your owne use, lockt up and closely cabin'd, since it admits no communication of its good. When you shall in the state of marriage freely taste Natures choice pleasures, you will repent you much you ere affected a single life.

Maid. You have prevail'd: receive me freely. I am yours for ever.

Young man. Let this kiss seal the contract.

The parting of two friends.

The first. **S**ir, I am infinitely sorry, that my emergent business will not permit me yet longer to enjoy your company.

The second. Sir, you best know your owne occasions; I shall not desire to detain you a minute longer then you may safely swear 'twill prove no detriment unto your state.

The first. You are noble in all your deportments; and shall ingage me firmly, if you'll but please, about to morrow this time, to honour me with your person at my house.

The sec. Sir, I shall wait on you the hour you wish; but with assured hope to find you no nonresident.

The first. Else let me forfeit your fair friendship. Farewell, my worthy friend; I shall expect you.

The second. Except great *Jove* once more contract two nights in one, to sport with his *Alcmena*, and *Morpheus* drive *Sol's* chariot, I will not fail. Much happiness wait on you, Sir.

An humorous conceited fellow meeting an old (but painted) Gentlewoman. Their names,

CACADROMO, and Mistress FULSOME.

Cac. Save thee, sweet parcel of paint; you come from the Oyl shop now.

Ms. Fuls. How, Sirrah! from whence!

Cac. Why, from your scurvy face-physick. I have met thee often in this angle of the City. To behold thee not painted, inclines somewhat near a miracle. These in thy face, were deep ruts, and foul sloughs, the last progress thou mad'st to thy suburb-bawd. There was a Lady in *France*, that having had the Small Pox, flea'd the skin off her face, to make it more level; and where before she look'd like a Nutmeg-grater, ever after she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.

Ms. Fuls. You are a foolish knave; do you call this painting?

Cac. No, no; but you call it carreening of an old morphew'd Lady, to make her disimbogue again. There's rough-cast phrase, to your plastique. Farewell, old crene of *Cappadocia*.

Ms. Fuls. Now the curse of Cuckolds light upon thee.

A friend having brought one of his acquaintance home, thus entertains him.

JULIO, COSMO.

Jul. Sir, I have too much intrencht upon your patience, to bring you thus far, for so poor a welcome.

Cos.

Cosm. You have oblig'd my gratitude above thought: your heart I see's as fairly spacious, as this your well-built, richly furnisht fabrick. I am too poor in Courtship, to expresse how I accept this favour.

Ful. You abound in all perfections. Please you sit, and taste those homely cates my house affords, which I present unto you with as awful love, as mortals offer incense to the Deities.

Cosm. You prompt me what to say, Sir: those words transvers'd, would better fit my utterance.

Ful. Pray, Sir, let this be but a formal entrance unto our future friendship: I am oblig'd to you for many favours; in the performance of which courtesies, you have shown your self the legitimate son of your most worthy father, as well heire to his Vertues, as his Lands

Cosm. Sir, Challenge all my services, as your owne; command what ere is mine: all my faculties shall be employed, to practise retribution.

Ful. Sir, I thank you, and shall be ever prest to gratifie your goodness. Pray, Sir, eat; how relish you this Greekish wine?

Cosm. 'Tis pretious as the milk of Queens; I have not dranke the like: great Ot'oman himself quaffs not a purer liquor. Sir, to our future amity.

Ful. I most cordially thank you. My house was never furnisht untill now, your presence makes me happy.

Cosm. Sir, You too much grace your servant.

Ful. Sir, you want what I wish, some choice dishes, which would perswade you feed more freely.

Cosm. Lucullus, were he here himself, could not repine at this repast: I am no Gurmundizer, nor

yet am guilty of their ridiculous gestures, who must have every bit sawc'd with this word, *Sir*, I beseech you eat; and rise as hungry, but more fooles by far, then when they sat down.

Ju'. You are in all respects your self, *Sir*. But 'faith, since we're so opportunely met, let us not part so coolly. Though my owne wine be good, the mischief is, I have no bush hangs at my door, no linnen aprons to squeak *Anon*, *Sir*: the name of Tavern, adds to our desires. Me thinks absurdities dance round about me, when I drink healths at home.

Cos. *Sir*, *Bacchus* will reward you for your courtship entail'd unto his Priest. My service waits upon you.

Two Gentl. men (acquaintance) meet in the streets.

VALASCO, PEDRO.

Ped. **M***Y* dear friend *Valasco*, now in the name of good fellowship, what hath been the impediment that hath hindered you from visiting me these many weeks? I hope you are not turn'd Stoick, nor in love with *Cato's* beard, or *Dio-genes* his Tub. Are the Table-books, Bowling-alies, and Taverns, now grown useles? Thou wert a Courtier, when there was a Court. I hope these dog-daies are not so dangerous, but we may sport and quaff with Imitation, and deal for wholesome flesh, without being at the charges to disburse to Panders and Porters, for a cloudy conveyance to our owne lodgings.

Va'a. *Sir*, You are mightily mistaken, if you conceit I am one of *Chrysippus* Scholars (*Aristippus* I will allow to be my Master.) These froward times cannot transmigrate an *Anchorites* soul into
my

my brest; no, I retaine my merry temper still. I throw Size-ace, till I lose to my thirt; bowle away Crownes as Counters; not give ore till my pockets look like the picture of famine, leane and empty; and I walk after the bowles with my hands behind me, to denounce who plaies fairest, not daring to bet; there's a rub, you'll say. I am still the same I was when you saw me last, in feature, gesture demeanour, and all other appurtenances; onely my will is not to you as formerly. I must tell you, *Pedro*, that you have forfeited the name of a friend: and by all my hopes, were it not that the thought of our former amity suppress those flames of fury in my brest, I now should kill thee.

Ped. Valasco, I know you think I am so much a man, as not to fear your worst of anger, were you *Alcides* second, and grasp'd *Joves* thunder bolt; much less with supple hams, and suppliant hands, to creep to you, and beg your absolution. Had I been guilty of that breach of friendship, which you unkindly do suggest, I would maintaine and justifie my error, maugre your sword or buckler. But how, Sir, have I wrong'd you?

Vala. The Blade *Don Bombo*, two hours since I met, who told me, eight daies ago you and he supt together at your Mistress *Scorpions*'s lodging; where, in discourse what truly-noble sparks the Inns of Court now yeilded, he rankt me 'mongst the rest; but you with scornes and taunts, before your Mistress, proclaim'd me nothing worth; a man of a dull sense, onely a valiant voice; with many other most unfriendly terms, so base, I hate to name them.

Ped. Now by the Gods, *Valasco*, that Rogue *Don Bombo* hath abus'd us both: thee, by a false & slanderous information; me--But I'll not stand to talk;

I'll

I'll make cutworks in the villaines skin, and slice his throat so wide, next time he drinks his mornings draught, he shall go near to spil his liquor; he shall confess before you, or else under his hand recant this lye, and eke record himself a branded Rascal. Will that atone you, and renew our loves?

Val. I have ever harboured noble thoughts of you, and shall esteem your friendship ever pretious, worthy the acceptance of a Deity. Chastise this Rascal till he cries *peccavi*; and, like to broken bones, which, dislocated by some unhappy accident, set by a skilful hand, unite more firm then ever, our friendship shall take birth anew; we'll be another *Pilades* and *Orestes*.

Ped. No more of this: my deeds shall speak my real thoughts: let's to the Tavern, Bully, and there, o're full-crown'd cups, joyn our right hands. Ho, Coach-man! hurry us, in thy four-wheel'd pouch, to that *Argoian Bacchanalian Clifton*, who keeps the golden Fleece securely safe; yet hangs it as a signe, even at his door. His marble vault (alone) includes *Nepenthe*: the *Cosick-grape* is onely his. Away, away.

Two Merchants on the Exchange; Mr. Main Mast, and Mr. Topsaile.

Main mast. **M**R. *Topsaile*, your best wishes environ you; you see I keep my word.

Top. Good faith I saw you not. All happiness wait on you, sweet Mr. *Main Mast*; you are a strict observer of your time.

Mainmast. I ever was so, Sir. Time's an old cross-penny father, and must be waited on obsequi-

quiously, he flies ye else. But what's the news from Neptune's Sea? how goes things in the great and warry world? are your ships rib'd with riches? is *Aelus* propitious to your Vowes; his bag-check'd Boys not too robustious? Ha? I'm sure I find a great decay of Trade. *Tritons*, attended by a crew of Sword-fishes, are turn'd most desperate Pirates: no traffick, no commerce with forraigne Nations. Alas that ere I liv'd to see this day.

Top. Had I had the sage *Ulysses* power, for to seclude all windes from Seas save *Zephyrus*, my forraigne trade could not have been more prosperous, then till within these few years: but now, 'tis true (with storms on land) perpetual gusts at Sea shake all commerce to nothing; yet I bear up still, and as my name, Top and Top-gallant like, I plow on *Neptune*, and returne safely home, with all my purchases. *Cesars* motto's mine, man: next him, I sure shall be recorded t' have been dame Fortunes onely favourite. *Veni*: with English wares I did arrive in *Spaine*. *Vidi*; I had a rich return. *Vici*: I came home with a merry wind. *Tityre tu patule quae nunc non est narrandi locus.*

Mainmast. Learned Mr. Topsaile, the Gods o'the seas befriend you marvellously.

Top. I'm much bound indeed to the old blue-beard, *Neptunus*; to his Sons the *Trytons*, his Daughters the *Mermaids*, and his couzens the *Whales*. But no more of this: many words will not fill a mans belly: should we talk this two hours, there would be little use of a pick-tooth. My much-honour'd friend, Mr. Mainmast, shall I be so happi'd this night, as to enjoy your company at the carving out of a Shoulder of Mutton, cutting up of a paire of Cones, and carbonadoing of a cold Capon?

Mainmast. Sir, you shall command the exercise

of my teeth, and the silence of my tongue. I'll wait on you, Sir.

Topf. O Sir, you teach me what to say: I am your humble creature, and very happy in the society of so worthy a friend. Nay, Sir, let me alone for complements, if I set upon't. Come, good Mr. *Mainmast*.

The wooer sending his Mistress a pair of white-frin'g'd Gloves.

WHEN on your whiter hands these Gloves you
Remember *Cupid*, and his spotless law. (draw,
Mortals do wrong him much, with sly pretence;
And when they love, they Doctors do commence
In *Cunning*'s colledge, whenas love is free;
There is no craft in perfect amity.
These are fring'd round: *Phylacteries* were good,
Till by the Pharisees dy'd deep in blood.
The colour which *Narcissus* took, when he
Converted to a Daffadil, here see;
Which Hieroglyphically seems to tell,
In hating me, you love your self too well.
How happy are these skins, that may at pleasure
Kiss your faire hands, and rifle all loves treasure!
But these must be compell'd that thing to do,
For which I sigh, and pray, and weep, and woo.
But know (bright faire one) when my taske is don,
You shall not need (like these) to draw me on.





Complemental LETTERS

Fitted to all Humours

and Inclinations, useful.

and delightful.

To the Intelligent Reader.

Cupid, here, hath taken wing
(Larke-like) to the heavens doth sing.
Pencian Daphne here displaies
Her armes, and shrouds him with her bayes.
A vast pile of Sabeian gums,
Smoking with fat Hecatoms,
Thou mayst behold, and cheare thy sense
With choice Idalian frankincense.
Harmonious echoes do invite
Thee to attention and delight.
If Humours do not Judgement blind,
A Zoylus I'll not fear to find.

C 4

One

*One of a low and humble birth, falling in love with
some great Lady, thus presents his service.*

Gracious Madam,

YOU are a Lady in whom consists all that heaven hath rais'd to perfection. I am too poor to enjoy so great a Treasure; and shall be ever, till I grow immortal; which alone rests in your power to make me. 'Tis not your birth or fortune that I court, heavens witness with me: for had you been an humble shepherdess, and I a Monarch, this love had been, 'cause 'twas decreed by Fate. When I first saw you, methought my soul was forc'd to obey a Trance; and as a Vision, my amazed sight beheld you. The revolution of those Star-like eyes deserves a new Astronomy, to contemplate it. I know I catch at a Star, and attempt to fathom Clouds; but it is not that thing call'd danger, that can affright me: Were you inclos'd with rocks of marble, whose lofty tops knew no distance betwixt the Skies and them, I would, with winged speed, scale those aspiring Walls; and, in despite of all that durst detain you, bear you in my arms; beyond the reach of danger. You have been pleased, bright *Anaxerete*, to smile upon your poor *Iphis*; the radiant lustre of your eyes hath exhal'd those dull and foggy vapours, that clogg'd my soul with the contemplation of my great unworthiness: O continue those soul-reviving beams, since without their comfortable influence, I must freeze to Crystal, and perish more miserably then the wrath of Gods or Men

Men (united) can possibly shewre upon the caytiff-head of any desolate mortal.

Bright Goddess,
Your humble admirer,
and sworne Servant, &c.

An Amourist being forbidden by his Mistress any more to Court, by Epistle or otherwise, declareth himself thus.

Dear Mistress,

You have given me command not to love; which I confess I have ill obeyed: but you know, Mistress, that forbidden things are ever most coveted by mortals; which is the reason that I have not had the power, since your forbidding me, to think of any other thought, but of loving you. Mistress, there is no kind of duty that I owe you not; there is no cruelty of chance or Fate, to which I shall not willingly expose my self, to obey you: but either cease you to forbid me love, or otherwise forbid your Image to pursue me; since that follows me everywhere, and leaves me not liberty or thought, but what it doth inspire. You may as well forbid the water for to descend, and fire to mount on high, as command me to forbear to love you; which I must do, though in doing so, the fire of love parch me to cinders.

Cruel Mistress,
Your constant lover,
not to be shaken off by frowns or threats, &c.

The

The Lover having received an utter denial of his proffer'd service, so that he is out of hope to secure his desired hapineß, takes his leave of his Lady thus mornfully.

(Faire, faire one)

CAN law or torture fright his soul, who is every houre extended on the wrack? No: since you despise me, 'twill add unto my future happineß, when love shall know I'm one that di'd your martyr. And for my body, when intomb'd in earth, a Cypress-tree shall spring up from my grave, under whose shade such mournful lovers as are punish't with disdain, shall come and pay sad tribute of their teares; which by that charitable ayr which doth convert the falling dew into a frost, shall be congeal'd, and raise to my sad memory a lasting monument of transparent chrystal.

*So dies your distressed
Martyr, R. H.*

The Lover being to pass beyond the seas, or otherwise is absent himself a while from his Mistress, takes leave of her, thus.

My dear,

SO leave the winter'd people of the North, the minutes of their summer, when the Sun departing leaves them in cold walls of Ice, as I leave thee (my onely happineß on earth) commanded from thy presence by an irresistible Fate. But though we are sever'd for a time, a span of time.

time, 'twill increase our joyes, when next wee meet; when we shall joyne againe in a confirmed unity for ever: such will our next embraces be (my dearest) when the remembrance of former dangers (our parents angry frowns upon our loves) will fasten love in perpetuity, will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories. These daies must come, and shall, without a cloud or night of fear, or envy: till when, keep warm my soul within thy bosome.

Thy devoted servant,

T. B.

The Amourist having failed to meet his Mistress at a place appointed, thus excuseth himself.

Mistress,

I Attended in much fear, and with more patience the space of three hours, this morning, in my chamber, expecting every minute some ominous embassy from you, to scourge me into a just penance, for neglect (as you may suppose) offered unto you yesterday, in not waiting on you according to my promise: but anxieties (to my great content) proving abortive, I have assumed the confidence to apologize thus for my contempt. My hearts joy, I know you think that your self is the Loadstone that attracts my soul (though I confess I have hitherto found your heart like a pebble, smooth, but stony) and that when I am restrained from your sight, like a melancholy vegetive, in the absence of the Sun, I hang down my drooping head. Think not that I desire to withdraw from so worthy a servitude.

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as I esteem yours; under whom I chuse rather to suffer extream tyranny, then elsewhere to live beneath the perfectest Empire. But so it hapned, that at the very hour when I was preparing to come and wait on you, a Messenger bathed in sweat, came to certifie me, that my Uncle (of whom I have received a large Legacy) lay even at the point of death, earnestly wishing to behold me ere his departure to the invisible land: the performance of whose desire, was the onely occasion that impeded my attendance on you. I humbly intreat you (Mistress) to accept of this true narration, as a sufficient excuse; which shall continue you in my opinion,

*The glory of my thoughts,
Souveraigne Good of my life,
and extream felicity of my sou', R.T.*

*The Lover having found his Mistress basely inconstant,
takes his last farewell of her thns.*

Lost Love,

Since I must write to one that hath scorned to answer my Epistles any time this month, take it not in favour of you; it is not to you, but to this paper that I tell my thoughts; so to disburden my self of them, as that I may never more have them in minde, except to detest their causer. You have not deceived me; for I long since foresaw the instability of your minde. If yet you did tell me the cause of this your infidelity, if not able to finde a just occasion, you took the paine but to search a pretence that were coloured with false appearance, I would herein excuse you against my self

Self. This then is my comfort, that you have no other reason for your change, then your owne inconstancy: and though I have not ties enough to stay you, yet have I resolution enough to let you go: and have as much patience in your loss, as I had contentment in your possession. Adieu for ever. And because you shall be certainly assured, that I now as perfectly hate you, as heretofore I dotingly affected you (to perpetuate your memory) I will fix this Epitaph upon your Tombe:

Epitaph.

Here remains a piece, that Shame
Does forbid to owne, or name:
She was once, as this, a stone,
Till conversion made her none:
Then, her beauty stain'd her soul;
Being fair, she was most foul:
Lov'd, yet hated all; 'tis cross'd;
Whom she lov'd, she hated most.
She was skill'd in Language too;
Every Nation did her woo.
She could French interpret well,
Till she fashion'd how to spell
Through the Nose. If any pass
On this tender yeilding grass,
To view this piece, do not weep;
Tis a passion then man keep:
Only Gravity bids us say,
She is happy now she's clay.

The Lover being prohibited the sight of his Mistress, either by the strictest opposition of her Parents, or the perswasive counsel of her guardian, sends her this Letter.

Dearest Love,

THERE is no longer means of living absent from my life : since you are not with me, I am no more my self. I may be forbidden the seeing of you, but never the loving of you : or if they will forbid, yet they can never hinder me. Such as owe me most good will, do testify the least unto me, and that by reason of my affection : but I chuse rather to be little obedient to them, to be the more faithful to you. Live you then in this assurance, if you will not that I die ; and become assured likewise, that my life shall sooner be extinct, then that fair flame that dayly does consume it.

*Divine Mistress,
your humble creature,
happy to serve you, A. S.*

A Maid, or Widow, having afforded her Suiter a final answer (perhaps) contemned and affronted him, may upon change of thoughts, seek to regain his love, thus.

(Worthy Sir).

IF there be no greater Cor'sive unto the mind of one, then that which forceth us (despight of our selves) to seek to those whom we have before (and that

that without just cause) notoriously offended, then certainly am I the most wretched creature living : for (as now) there is no means left for me to escape from ruine, but onely by thy help (sweet friend) alone, who hast more reason to wish my overthrow, then my good fortune or health any way at all, in that thou hast found such extream and barbarous discourtesie in me. Nevertheless, if thy generous and gentle mind, cannot feel this injury (done unto thee by a silly Maid) then I beseech thee, think no more upon my offence; but burying it deep, under thy feet, do that for my sake, which the bearer hereof shall make thee privy to : and then shalt thou quickly perceive, what great satisfaction I will make thee, for my fault committed ; granting unto thee that which thou shalt most desire. Give credit unto this Messenger ; assuring thy self that I am

Thine most obliged
M. L.

A Captain, Colonel, or common Souldier, falling in love with some gentlewoman, thus manifests his passions.

(Fair gentlewoman)

IF it be an irrevocable doom, that men, be they never so valiant or couragious, shall be subject unto a braver and more livelier force then their owne ; I hope you will not marvel overmuch, that I humbly yeild to your divine graces ; and , as a captive your to beauty, prostrate my self a prisoner at your feet. But as
Mor

mortal men deserve no countenance from the heavens, until they have by many proofs testified their faithful and dutious service towards them; so, I will not presume to importune you to affect me at all, much less to yeild me any guerdon for my paines, until that by my dutious service I show my self (in some part) worthy your gracious smiles. Mine onely request to you is, that it would please you to have me in your lively remembrance; and not to entertaine another, as your loyal Servant, before you shall have just occasion to discard and give me over: for as (no doubt) it will be little pleasing unto you (hereafter) to repent you, that you have made a worse choice then of my self; so it will be far more bitter unto me, then a most desperate death, to be discharged from serving her, whom I love more then my owne heart, and cherish more then my owne life, yea then my owne soul, which is (now) wholly yours, seeing that he that is the owner of the same, is the inviolable slave to your incomparable self.

A. R.



• Letters



LETTERS in Verse:
With other curious Conceits,
and fine Fancies.

To the Reader:

Behold, Apollo doth invite thee,
Yet a third time to delight thee :
A pleasant Tempe, planted well
With Flowers of odoriferous smell ;
In the midst whereof do chill
Aganippe waters drill.
The Muses, whose sweet melody
Drawes Jove down from the arched Sky,
Charm Pluto's self, and all the Fiends ;
To heaven climbs, to hell descends :
Hand in hand, now in a Ring,
Invite thee, for to hear them sing.
Enter, and take thy free delight :
And 'cause (perhaps) thy Appetite
Cannot with one dish satiate be
I give thee, here, Varietie.

The

The Lover being forced from his Mistress presence.

(Mistress)

BAnisht from you, I charg'd the nimble wind,
 My unseen messenger, to speak my mind
 In am'rous whispers to you; but my Muse,
 Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
 The trust repos'd in him, said it was due
 To her alone, to sing my love to you.
 Hear her then speak, bright Lady, from whose eye
 Shot lightning to his heart; who joys to dye
 A Martyr in your flames: O let your love
 Be great, and firm as his! then nought shall move
 Your settled faiths, that both may grow together,
 Or (if by Fate divided) both may wither.
 Be constant, as y'are faire: for I foresee
 A glorious Triumph waits o'th' victorie
 Your love will purchase; shewing us to prize
 A true content; there onely love hath eyes.

*Divine Lady,
 yours more then his owne, &c.*

The Lover being anxious of his Mistress constancy.

Faire,

SWeet, if you like and love me still,
 And yeild me love for my good will,
 And do not from your promise start,
 When your fair hand gave me your heart;

If

If dear to you I be,
As you are dear to me :
Then yours I am, and will be ever ;
Nor time, nor place, my love shall sever,
But faithful still, I will persever,
Like the constant marble-stone,
Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more then me
(Who loves thee still, and none but thee)
If others do the harvest gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine,
If that you love to range,
And often for to change :
Then get you some new-fangled mate ;
My doating love shall turne to hate ;
Esteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a pebble-stone,
Loving not me alone.

*The Lover being transported in his fancy, complements
in an high stile with his Mistresse.*

Forsake with me the earth, my fair,
And travel nimble through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies.
Then lend sight to those heav'nly eyes
Which blind themselves, make creatures see ;
And taking view of all. When we
Shall find a pure and glorious sphere,
We'll fix like stars for ever there :
Nor will we still each other view ;
We'll gaze on lesser stars ; then you

See

44 *The Card of Courtship: or*

See how by their weak influence they
 The strongest of mens actions sway,
 In an inferiour orbe below:
 We'll see *Calipso* loosely throw
 Her hair abroad, as she did weare
 The self-same beauty in a Beare,
 As when she a cold Virgin stood,
 And yet inflam'd *Joves* lustful blood.
 Then look on *Leda*, whose faire beams
 By their reflection gild those streams,
 Where first (unhappy she) began
 To play the wanton with a Swan.
 If each of these loose beauties are
 Transform'd to a more beautilous star
 By the adulterous lust of *Jove*;
 Why should not we, by purer love?

*Life of my life,
 a devoted servant to your
 excellent perfections, &c.*

Dearest,

Let one grieve harane us,
 Let one joy fill us,
 Let one love warme us,
 Let one death kill us.

*A Maid, or widow, returns this merry answer to her
 hot Lover whom she affect not.*

I See thee (gentle *Franke*) most merry,
 Though firm thy faith, and sound as berry:
 Love gave me joy, and fortune gave it
 As my desire could wish to have it.

What

What didst thou wish > tell me (sweet lover)
Whereby thou mightst such joy recover,
To love where love should be inspired,
Since there's no more to be desired.
In this great glory, and great gladness,
Thinkst thou to have no touch of sadness?
Good fortune gave me not such glory
To mock my love, or make me sory.
If my firm love I were denying,
Tell me, with sighs wouldst thou bedying?
Those words in jest to hear thee speaking,
For very grieve, my heart is breaking.
Yet wouldst thou change (I pray thee tell me)
In seeing one that doth excell me?
O no; for how canst thou aspire
To more then to thy owne desire >
Such great affection thou dost bear me,
As, by thy words, thou seemst to swear me:
Of thy desert, to which a Debter
I am, thou maist demand this better.
Sometimes (me thinks) that I should swear it,
Sometimes me thinks thou shouldst not hear it:
Onely in this, the pip doth grieve me,
And thy desire not to believe me.

*Sir, yours very dubiously affectionated,
not to be cammanded, or waited on, by you, &c.*

*The Lover being discontented at the absence of his Mi-
stress, he being in the City, she in the Countrey.*

Dearest,

THe lesser people of the aire conspire
to kep thee from mee: *Philomel* with higher

And

46 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

And sweeter notes, wooes thee to weep her rape;
Which would appease the gods, & change her shape;
The early Larke, preferring, for soft rest,
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to thee harmonious duty pay,
expecting from thy eyes the break of day;
From which the Owle is frightened, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
Not 'biding the great lustre of thy sight.
With him, my Fate agrees; not viewing thee,
I'm lost in mists; at best, but Meteors see.

*Soul of sweetness,
thy humble creature, &c.*

*The Lover angry at his Mistress unsufferable contempt,
may (if he will) thus vent himself, in an invective
manner*

(Scornful Tit)

Since just disdain began to rise,
And cry revenge, for spiteful wrong;
What once I prais'd, I now despise,
And think my love was all too long.
I tread to dirt that scornful pride,
Which in thy looks I have descride.
Thy beauty is a painted skin,
For fooles to see their faces in.

Thy eyes, that some as stars esteeme,
From whence themselves (they say) take light,

Like

Like to the foolish fire I deeme,
That leads men to their death by night.
Thy Words and Oaths, are light as wind,
And yet far lighter is thy mind.
Thy friendship is a broken reed,
And thou a gigling maukes indeed.

*My owne,
and can command myself, H. D*

*The Lover betwixt hope and despaire to attaine his
Mistress love, she telling him she hath vowed never
to marry.*

Dearest mistress,

EVEN as my hand my pen to paper laies,
My trembling hand my pen from paper staies;
Lest that thine eys, which shining, made me love you,
Should, frowning on my suit, bid cease to love you:
So that my nursing murth'ring pen affords
A grave, a cradle, to my new-born words.

But whilst like clouds tofs'd up and down by aire
I wracked hang, 'twixt hope and sad despaire;
Despaire is beaten, vanquisht from the feild,
And unto conqu'ring hope my heart doth yeild.
If of my eyes you also could bereave me,
As you already of my heart deceive me;
Or could shut up my ravisht ears through which
You likewise did my enchanted heart bewitch;
To root out love all means you can invent,
Were all but labour lost, and time ill spent:

For

For as these sparks, being spent, which fire procure,
 The fire doth brightly burning still indure;
 Though absent, so, your sparkling eyes remove,
 My heart still burnes in endles flames of love.

Then strive not 'gainst the stream to no effect,
 But let due love yeild love a due respect;
 Nor seek to ruine what your self begun,
 Or loose a knot that cannot be undon.
 Why were you fair, to be sought of so many,
 If you live chaste, not to be lov'd by any?
 For if that Nature love to Beauty offers,
 And Beauty shun the love that Nature proffers;
 Then either unjust Beauty is to blame,
 With scorne to quench a lawful kindled flame;
 Or else, unlawfully if love we must,
 And be unlov'd, then Nature is unjust.
 A marble heart, under an amorous look,
 Is of a flattering bait the murch'ring hook;
 For from a Ladies shining frowning eyes,
 Death's sable dart, with Cupids arrow flies.

Since then from chastity and beauty spring
 Such various streams, where each abide as kin;
 Let Tyrant Chastitie's usurped throne
 Be made the seat of beauties grace alone;
 And let your beauty be with this suffis'd
 That my heart's City is by it surpriz'd
 Raze not my heart, nor to your beauty raise
 Blood-gilded Trophies of your beauties praise.
 For wisest Conquerours do Towns desire,
 On honourable termes, and not with fire,

cruel faire one,

thy bleeding servant, T. P.

The

The Lover having word brought him of his Mistress departure.

Dearest,

I Am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
 Feels a distracted rage. Though you depart,
 And leave me to my feares, let love, in spite
 Of absence, our divided souls unite.
 But you must go: the melancholy Doves
 Draw *Venus* chariot hence: the sportive loves
 That wont to wanton here, hence with you flie,
 And, like false friends, forsake me when I die.
 For, but a walking Tombe, what can he bee,
 Whose best of life is forc'd to part with thee?

Bright Goddess
 your humble admirer.

The Lover absent from his Mistress beyond the Seas
 solicites her thus.


My dearest Mistress,

S Tar of my life, if these sad lines do hap
 The raging fury of the Sea to scape,
 O let your hand then be their blessed Port,
 From whence they may unto your eyes resort.
 Fountain of blis, yet well-spring of my wo;
 O would I might not justly tearm you so!
 My dearest dear, behold the portraicture
 Of him that doth all kind of woes indure;

D

Of

Of him whose head is made a hive of woes,
Whole swarming number dayly greater grows;
Of him, whose senses like a rack are bent
With divers motions, my poor heart to rent;
Whose mind a mirrour is, which onely shows
The ugly image of my present woes;
Whole memory's a poyson'd knife to teare
The ever-bleeding wound my brest doth bear:
And that poor heart, so faithfull, constant, true,
That onely loves, and serves, and honours you,
Is like a feeble Ship, which, toine and rent,
The mast of hope being broke, and tackling spent;
Reason the Pilot dead, the stars obscured,
By which alone, to sail it was inured;
No Port, No Land, no comfort once expected,
All hope of safety utterly neglected;
With dreadful terror tumbling up and down;
Visions uncertain, waves to mountaines grown.
I must confess, that when I do consider
How ill, alas, how ill agree together,
So peerless beauty, and so fierce a minde,
So hard an inside, and so soft a rinde;
A heart so bloody, and so white a brest;
Such proud disdain, with so mild looks suppress;
And how my dear (O would it had been never
Accursed word! O would it had been ever)
How once, I say, till your heart seem'd estranged
(Alas) how soon my day to night was changed!
You did vouchsafe my poor eyes so to grace,
Freely to view the riches of your face;
And (which was greatest bliss) did not disdain,
For boundless love, to yeild some love again.
Despair it self cannot make me despaire
But that you'll prove as kind as you are faire;
And now at length, in lieu of passed wo,
Will pity, grace, and love, and favour show.



O spare, O spare my yeilding heart, and save
Him whose chiefe glory is to be your slave:
Make me the object of your clemency,
And not the subject of your tyranny.

So shall you restore a dying Lover
to perfect health, fulfil the
Decree of the Gods, and make
him transcendently happy, who
at present languisheth in a
dying despaire, ready to bee
offered up on the altar of your
beauty. R. H.

The Lover assuring his Mistresse that her doubts are
vain, and he is unmoveably constant.

WHY dost thou (my dear mistress) doubt my love
Which beauty bred, and vertue still doth nour-
That any other object can remove, (rich
Or faint with time, but still more freshly flourish?
No; know, thy beauty is of such a force,
The fancy cannot flit, that's with it taken;
Thy vertue such, my heart doth hate divorce
From thy sweet love, which ne'er shall be forsaken.

So settled is my soul, in this resolve,
That first the radiant stars from heaven shall fall;
The heavens shall lose their influence, and dissolve;
To the first Chaos shall be turn'd this all,

Ere I from thee (dear mistress) do remove
My true, my constant, and my sincere love.

Thine while his owne, A D.

The

The Lover hearing of his Mistress departure, bewailes thus.

Dear heart,

WHat's death, more then departure? the dead go
Like travelling exiles, are compell'd to know
Those regions they heard mention'd oft; 'tis th'art
Of sorrow, to say, who dies doth depart.
Then weep thy funeral-tears, which heaven, t'a-
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morn, (dorn
Will rob me of; and thus my Tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.
Know, in these lines sad musick to thy ear,
(My sad dear Mistress) you the sermon hear
Which I preach ore my herse and death: I tell
My owne live's story, ring but my owne knell.
But when I shall return, know, 'tis thy breath,
In sighs divided, rescues me from death.

*Thy lamenting faithful
Servant, E. D.*

Five Lyrick Pieces.

To my noble friend, Mr. Theodor Loe.

GO, pale-fac'd paper, to my dear,
And whisper this into her ear:
Though I absent am, yet she
Keeping thee, embraces me.

Let

Let no rude hand dare to touch thee;
Care not, though a thousand grutch thee
Of that blifs, which, in her hive,
Thou enjoyst, till I arrive:
And be sure, thou dost not flie
From the glances of her eye:
Where she goes, be thou about her;
Gad not thou abroad without her.
Let not any dare to see
What's between my love and thee:
Nay, and when she haps to sleep,
Gently to her bosome creep;
Where (I charge thee) rest till shee
With her kisses waken thee.
Go, and prosper for a space,
Till I rob thee of thy place.

The resolute Lover.

WHat care I, though she be faire
Hair, snow-like hand, or sun-like eye,
If in that beauty I not share?
Were shee deformed, what care I?
What care I, though she be foul
Haire, swarthy-hand, or sun-burnt eye,
So long as I enjoy her soul?
Let her be so, what care I?
Dim sight is coz'ned with a gloss
Of gawdy gown, or hum'rous haire;
Such gold, in melting, leaves more dross
Then some unpolisht prices share.
Be she faire, or foul, or either,
Or made up of both together:
Be her heart mine, haire, hand, or eye,
Be what it will; why, what care I?

The Lovers protestation.

Pretty wanton, prethee say,
 Did you see my heart to day?
 Marks to know it you shall finde;
 Alwaies constant, true and kinde:
 Wounds about it, it doth bear;
 Drops are tricklig, here and there:
 In which wounds you'll find a dart
 Shot by you, into my heart.
 If you saw it, do not blush;
 The wounds are fresh, and bloud will gush
 Into your face; and you be known
 To cover more then is your own:
 Send it back; but let it be
 Sound, as when it came to thee.
 Do not think for to deny it;
 These are tokens will descry it.
 How can I subsist and live,
 When my owne you will not give?
 Yet if you will send to me
 Yours in faire exchange, I'll be
 Mute, and not report that I
 Suffer by your cruelty.
 Then I prethee, let me know,
 If you will exchange, or no.

Question.

WHat is that freedome which men call
 A blessedness to sport withall?
 Or what those joys, which Lovers deem
 To equalize their best esteem?
 I long to know, that I may see
 The difference 'twixt those joyes and me.

An-

Answer.

Then know, loves joies are such as still
Are subject to Fates supream will ;
And every hour the Lover finds
Cross friends, cross stars, and stormy winds ;
Till Seas grow calm, and we arrive
At loves eternal peaceful hive.
If patience then may bring me ease,
Swell big, a while, you boyft'rous seas.

*Cupid, to an inexorable young man, disdaining his
Deity.*

YOU, faire mortal, think not I
Priviledge a star-like eye ,
Or the choicest faire on earth ;
I can blast them in their birth.
Yet, that you might feel desires
Quenching loves *Idalian* fires ;
'Mongst a many young men more,
I preserv'd thee, to adore
My deity: but now I see
Thou disdain'st my pow'r and me.
Therefore, by my *Paphian* bow,
My complaints must let you know
That a strange complaint of late
Beat a parly at my gate ;
And so ent'red, that the gods
With that uproare grew at ods ;
Insomuch that they me sent
Messenger of punishment,
In my mothers sacred name,
You a Traytor to proclaime,

'Gainst

'Gainst the Laws of love and beauty,
 And to what you owe by duty,
 To the Æthereal powers, and me
 Cancel'd by ubiquity.
 By my bow, and flaming dart;
 By the Lovers bleeding heart;
 By the hand, and by the glove;
 By the eye that captiv'd *Jove*;
 I command, and summon thee,
 At loves Bar to answer mee
 To what we shall there object
 'Gainst thy scorne and base neglect,
 Fail not, mortal, as you will
 Answer your ensuing ill.

Ad eundem.

Pale-check'd mortal, now your eyes
 Return their lustre to the skies,
 No hue rosy-red doth guide
 The welcome Lilies, as a bride;
 Nor are the Lilies fresh and gay,
 As they were the other day.
 The present guilt doth make it known,
 Vigour lent is not your own.
Venus, now, the Queen of Love,
 Is in presence, and must prove
 You a disobedient heire
 To her glorious hemisphere.
Paphos Archer hates to owne
 You a brother to his throne,
 And must here a witness be
 To your inconstant constancy:
 Therefore, on this gold-leav'd book,
 In which Lovers oft do look,
 Lay your hand, if you be free;
 Swear, and damned ever be.

Sec,

See, he's guilty ; take him hence
To a scorching residence.
Hence to trial : *Themis* now
'Gainst thy guilt doth set her brow :
And beauty calls ; you must appeare
At loves bar, and answer there.

Emptra pœnitentia.

I Ack to his *Jug*, in feeling passion swore,
He would approve her a polluted——
Whose tempting outward look, & borrowed locks
And inward filthiness gave him the——
Thou ly'st (quoth *Jug*) 'twas what thy mony bought,
How dear soere thou paid'st, I gave thee nought.

Experto credentum.

How durst *Capritius* call his wedlock whore,
But that he speaks it *plusquam per narratum* ?
Nam ipso teste ; what require you more,
Unless you'd have it, *magis approbatum* ?

Nequicquam verba.

Will woes his wench, with words of eloquence,
Wishing he might her corps Enthalamize,
And of his love impart that influence,
Which with her liking best may sympathize.
Shee, who regardless, at his speech doth spurn,
Saieth, 'tis not words of art must serve her turn.

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An invective against my old she-enemy, my most audacious Aunt, now very desirous to marry.

Sweet Aunt,

MORE rich then wise, and yet more wise then fair;
years add gray Trophies, to enrich thy haire:
Rather then live to love, dye with dispaire.

Whenas sad comets in the skies appear,
Some strange disaster then approacheth near;
Which in our doubtful souls begets a fear.

Thy nose is that disaster: for in thee
No less then thousand comets we may see,
As symptomes to ensuing misery.

Below thy nose, an hill we may descry,
Darkning the light appearing from thine eye,
Within that hollow concave where they lye.

Eye, Nose, and Chin, since you in darkness be,
Premeditate before you visit me,
And raise young cinders to your venery.

And in night-shade, meet with your shadow, where
Some *Incubus*, by chance, may get an heire,
Making the world accurst with such a paire.

Or if thy wither'd hand (begot by time)
Should with thine eye, nose, chin, and face combine,
Without discordant, to make some man thine;

Know, gumless wooer, that diseases thirst
To seize thy hand, where th' Apoplexy must
Bring thee, ere long, unto thy neighbours dust.

Or

Or if thy wither'd thigh desires to know
The sweet content that in young men doth flow,
Convert a tear into a flood below.

So may some cripple, wanting Almshouses, supply
Thy almost-desperate necessity.
And please both nose, gums, chin, thigh, hands, & eye

A Lovers passion, wanting the society of his Mistress.

I

DEARE heart, remember the sad hour
When we were fore'd to part;
How on thy cheeks I wept a shower,
With sad and heavy heart.

About thy waist my arms did twist:
Oh then I sigh'd, and then I kiss'd.

2

Ten thousand fears and joyes in one,
Did such distraction frame,
As if the liveless world would run
To Chaos back again;
Whilst my poor heart, amid these feares,
Lay bathed in my milk-warm tears.

3

When I thought, and thinking wept,
How friends and fate did lowre
On thee *Leander*; how they kept
Thee from thy *Heroes* Tower;
While thunder groan'd, and heaven did weep,
To rock thy sense in silent sleep.

4

The will of Fate must unresisted stand:

O who can it oppose?

"Necessitie's a Tyrant, and

"No

60 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

"No mean in mischief knowes:
Else might my fairer love and I
Unsever'd live, till one did die.

5
Just so the hungry infant from
His mothers duggs is ta'en,
When his weak arms yet spread along,
More dulcid milk to gain:
And nothing brings the Babe to rest,
Until he sleep upon her brest..

6
Thus being banisht from my love,
And forc'd to leave her sight,
No thought but those of her can move
In me the least delight:
But like true steel, my heart doth pant
To touch the long'd-for adamant.

7
Oh let no storme of discontent
Be clouded in your browes:--
Dear friend that have my being sent,
Give being to my voves.

You'll much engage my heart, if when
I say she's mine, you'll say amen:
Such kindness to our true-love showne,
Shall binde us doubly then your owne.

Loves inconueniences.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedy refusing;
A plant that with most cutting growes;
Most barren, with best using:
Why so?

More

More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries :
Heigh ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting :
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho !

A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Dam'sel.

Shep. **B** Onny wight, whare you be,
Luck be in your companie :
Are you *Diana* ? say to me.

Dam. None such, good Shepherd.

Shep. Deit and trim one, mickle glee,
Be ye what you please to bee ;
Some disaster's neer to yee.

Dam. Never, never more.

Shep. Welladay ! now by my creed,
And my merry oaten reed ;
Sike another rousing sigh
Would well split me, gay and blith.
Let a clowtish clown partake
Why this sobbing dole you make.

Dam. Ah me ! unfortunate.

Shep. Wonderment of wo, relate,
If simpleness you might not scorn,
How you hapt to be forlorne.

Dam. The story would too tedious bee,
Shepherd, to relate to thee.

Shep.

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Shep. Be not all too keen, bright star;
If my pertness went too far,
Mercy is the doom I sue :
Good things never meant more true
Then the silly Shepherd did,
Late when he your sorrow bid
Discourse the means ; *Merry Pan*,
And the sagest Gods do scan
Wherefore was it. Well a neare,
Yon foul mucky cloud, I feare,
Will besprint us, *Phebus* waine.
If so list you but to daign
A poor Shep'herd's entertaine,
Welcome should you be (my blis)
Nothing uncomely is, I wis,
Though not courtly. Answer make ;
Will you my small feasting take ?

Dam. I'll go : for wheresoere I rest,
Sorrow must be my onely feast.

Shep. Welcome, Welcome, Welcome still :
Never with a freer will
Was welcome spoken : by the sky,
Welcome, welcome, heartily.
Alack, alack, the rotten South
'Gins to ope his dewy mouth ;
Time to hide you ; maiden meek ,
Enter my cave, I you beseeke ;
O thou white one, bonny gyrl ,
Welcomer then heaps of pearl.

The Lovers alarm to his Mistresse.

Rise, Lady Mistresse, rise ;
The night hath tedious bin ;
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumber made me sin.

Is not she a Saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away ?
Rise, Mistress, rise ; and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover ;
And ignorance darker then night,
Till thou smile on thy lover.
All want day till thy beauty rise :
For the gray morne breaks from thy eyes.

A Supplanter.

Fairest, wilt thou still be true
To a man so false to thee ?
Did he lend a husband due,
Thou didst owe him loyalty.
But will curses, wants, and blowes,
Breed no change in thy white soul ?
Be not fool to thy first vowes,
Since his first breach doth Fate controul ;
No beauty else could be so chaste.
Think not thou honour'st women then,
Since by thy conscience, all disgrac'd,
Are rob'd of the dear loves of men.
Then grant me my desire, that vow to prove
A real husband his adult'rate love.

The Shepherds complaint.

Neighbour Swaines and Swainlins, hear me :
It is *Strephox* bids you hear :
Leave your pastures, and come neer me ;
Come away ; you need not fear.
By my soul, as I affect you,
I have nought that can infect you :

64 *The Card of Courtship : or,*

O then come,
Hear a tongue
That in discord keeps a part,
With a wo-surcharged heart.

Ne'r was Swain on plain more loved,
Or could do more feats then I;
Yet one grieve hath now removed
All my whilome Jollity :
All my layes be quite forgotten ;
Sheep-hook broken, pipe, bag, rotten.

O then come,
Hear a tongue
That with flatt'ring speech doth call,
To take long farewel of all.

I am not, as once I was,
When my *Chloris* first did suite me ;
Nor when that same red-hair'd *Lais*,
Fair *Bellina*, did invite me
To a garden, there to play,
Cull, kiss, clip, and toy all day.

O then come,
Hear a tongue
That in wooing termes was flowing,
But through wo, hath spoyl'd his wooing.

All I can or will desire you,
When my breath of life is spent,
That in love, you would inter me
(For it will my soul content)
Near unto my Father herse,
And bestow some comely verse.

On my Tombe ;
Then my tongue
Shall throb out this last adieu,
Ne'r were truer Swain then you.

A Dialogue between two Lovers.

Question.

WERE ever chaste and honest hearts
Expos'd unto so great distresses?

Answer.

Yes: they that have the worthiest parts,
Most commonly have worst successes

Great fortunes follow not the best:
It's Vertue that is most distressed.

Then Fortune, why do we admire
The glory of thy great excesses;
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy works, and not their worths expresses?
Nor dost thou raise them for their good,
But t' have their ills more understood.

The Authors suit, to Cupid.

I Will not love; I love to rest:
Cupid is an ungentle guest,
Except without his weapon's he
Will lodge in my tyr'd Phantasie.
Better stand the shock of thunder,
Which cleaves hardest Rocks in sunder,
Then oppose the sturdy blow,
When the blind Boy bends his Bow.
Prethee *Cupid*, cease to smile;
'Tis a courtship base and vile,
To laugh, and stab unto the heart.
I will praise thee, and thy dart,
While at others, thou dost throw it:
I love to hear on't, not to know it.

A

A Satyrical Description of Love.

Love is of man the fatal rock
On which his ship of ease doth knock,
And splits him with the sturdy thock.

He never yet felt any pain,
That hath not known the lovers vain,
Whose greatest griefe is greatest gain.

No Ill so nigh the heart doth sit,
As doth this fierce tormenting fit:
Death is more pleasing (far) then it.

Our souls, with hope, it doth torment,
Whilst nought but massacres are sent:
To dye is better far content.

Love then most cruel, void of grace,
Ought to be curst in every place;
No God, but Devil, in this case.

The Changes:
Or, all think not of love alike.

*Worthi's hee the bright of day,
Who doth loyal love obey.*

Cupid onely I do love;
Him I worship still above.
Happi's he, that by the same,
Wisdom to himself doth gain.
*Worthi's he the bright of day,
Who doth loyal love obey.*

O how sweet is that warm fire,
Which our hearts heats with desire!
To our souls no sweetness is
Halfe so dulcet as is this.

Worthi's he, &c.

Blessed love, without all crime,
Two souls pleaseth at one time;
Then doth love his lover right,
When his love he doth requite.

Worthi's he, &c.

Of two souls, he makes but one,
In two bodies all alone.
Love more happy cannot bee,
Then when we loving couples see.

Worthi's he, &c.

Pleasure none upon the ground,
Like to love, is to be found:
Pleasures pass as transitory;
Love doth still remain in glory.

Worthi's he, &c.

The answer, being a contradiction of the former assertion.

*Worthy is he of dark night,
That in Cupid doth delight.*

NOthing in this world can be
Sweeter then our libertie;
Which love often takes away,
And then all our joyes decay.

*Worthy is he of dark night,
That in Cupid doth delight.*

Love

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Love doth never sorrow miss,
(Who grieves) male-contented is :
But love (thus) doth Lovers sting ;
Doth not love then sorrow bring ?

Worthi's he, &c.

Who that soul hath ere seen eas'd,
Upon whom fierce love hath ceaz'd ?
The Mistress, and the Servant both,
Oft through love their lives do loath.

Worthi's he, &c.

Gods from heaven have chas'd and sent
This vile Boy, us to torment :
Nor are we him to indure,
That such plagues doth us procure.

Worthi's he, &c.

Then most wretched him I deem,
That of this blind Boy doth esteem :
Worser plague there's not of Ills,
That consumes still; yet ne'er kills.

Worthy is he of dark night

That in Cupid takes delight.

A Farewel to Love.

To my most courteous Friend Mr. John Phillipson.
Love fare thee well ; live will I now
Quiet, amongst the green-wood bow.

ILl betide him, that love seeks ;
He shall live but with lean cheeks.
He that fondly falls in love,
A slave (still) to grieve shall prove.

Love

*Love fare thee well ; live will I now
Quiet, amongst the green-wood bow.*

What an Ass and fool is he,
That may, and yet will not go free ?
I can love her that is fair ;
But so, as if I grasp'd the aire.
Love fare thee well, &c.

I like not these Dames so smooth,
As would have men court and love :
For as constant I them find,
As the Sea is, or the wind.
Love fare thee well, &c.

Once I lov'd one, that was kind ;
But she did what pleas'd her mind.
Better 'tis ne'r to be born,
Then live as anothers scorn.
Love fare thee well, &c.

To lovers, what good doth the Sun,
If by his beams they be undon ?
Love's as bitter as is Rue :
Blest are those that ne'er it knew.
Love fare thee well, &c.

A fond Lover doth not merit
Name, or fame, of man t' inherit ;
Since he is foe to his own health,
And huggs diseases, as his wealth.
*Love fare thee well ; live will I now
Quiet, amongst the green-wood bow.*

A Rhapsody.

Now must the Gods above,
And all the heavens that move,
Of my Mistress praises sing,
Such, as through the earth may ring.
Now must we frame chaplets fine,
And, with the Lawrel green, combine
The fruitful Olive, that our haire
May yeild a perfume through the aire.
My Love, maist thou alwaies flourish,
Although my self do die and perish.

To the same.

If nothing faire I see, but what's thy face;
If thy bright look is loadstone to my eyes:
If thy rare parts (as blessings) I embrace,
Have I not reason, then, in durious wise,
Thy gracious self for to implore?
Since thee (a Goddess) I adore.

He that finds salve to cure him of his grieve,
By a fair hand; of that shall he not make
Account; when he thereby may get reliefe,
Whereby his sickness from him he may shake?
The wounded Deer to herbs doth go:
Love wounds us; love must cure our wo.

So then, in this my worse then captive state,
These lines I offer to thy deity;
Not doubting, but, though hapless be my fate,
I from my self shall find some remedy.
Of thee I beg, some help to have:
In thee it lies, to kill, or save.

The dying Lover.

Now that *Boreas* with his cold
Doth this County round infold,
And his Iicles displaies,
Whilst the verdure green he slayes ;
Must end my life ere long,
With a sad and mournful song.
Now that more then cruel pain
Makes my hopes to be but vain,
And that love makes me distil
Salt tears (signes of my kind will)
Needs now must my lives term end,
Unto the heavens to ascend.
Now that such is my sad care,
That I'm droven to dispaire ;
That crosse Fates me strive to greive,
Why should I desire to live ?
Better 'tis to dye, then still
Follow us what works more ill.
Now that sighs, and sobs, and teares,
The subject of my verses bears ;
And whilst this plague usurps my heart,
I'll try if I can make it smart,
By a death that one day may
Make me victor, every way.

Now that skies, with lightning blast,
Force my pleasures not to last ;
And that the sun no more doth shine,
I must yeild to tempest Time :
Loyally I lay me down,
And go willing to my Tomb.
Now that cold and chilly fear,
Still doth dog me, everywhere ;

Seek

Seek I must, by cruelty,
 For to end my misery:
 For an end to every thing,
 Gentle death (none else) doth bring.
 Now that burning fire (o'r-bright)
 Hath my sense consumed quite,
 Leaving nought with me but groanes;
 Thus I do rid all at once.

The Lover to his Mistress.

Luckless, and lucky, both at once am I;
 With fear, and hope, I tremble as a reed:
 Luckless by beauty (thine by destiny)
 Lucky, because I am thy slave indeed.
*For (then thy face) there's nothing is more faire;
 Then thy sweet eyes, nought more divine or rare.*

One while I hope, another while I fear;
 Nor can there any thing my fancy please:
 It grieves me to see the heavens, though clear;
 So much I doubt thy favour to displease.
*Then thy fair face, there's nothing is more fair;
 Then thy sweet eyes, nought more divine or rare.*

The united Lovers.

Who ever saw so faire a sight,
 Love and Vertue met aright,
 And that wonder Constancy,
 Like a comet to the eye?
*Sound aloud so rare a thing,
 That all the Hills and Vales may ring.*

Look

Look, lovers, look, with passion see
If that any such there be;
As there cannot but be such,
Who do feel this noble touch.
Sound aloud so rare a thing,
That all the hills and vales do ring.

The Lover to his Mistresse, upon her apparelling her
self in black.

Since that thou hast victory
Ore my dearest liberty;
Why with black, that form of thine,
Dost thou cloath so rich and fine?
If thou wear'st it for to witness
(As a friend) my sad distress,
Happy I, since for my sake,
Thou the colour sad dost take.
Sweet, (my life) content be thou,
That this black weed I bear now:
Hapless was my life, and so
Sad my life i' th' end should show:
To me these sad cloaths alone
Appertain, as signes of mone.
Nature, in one body ne'r
Black and white (at once) doth bear:
From my black all hate be wide,
With which I my crosses hide.
He that in despair doth rest,
Black doth bear for colour best.
(Cruel) this not colour's thine,
Since thine eyes bright and divine,
Sacred as the hallowed day,
Chase the gloomy night away.

E

My

My heart wounded thou dost make
 The habit of a conquerour take;
 And let me alone with this,
 Since my fitting colour 'tis:
 Live thou in eternal glory,
 While I dye (as desp'rate sory.)
 Whilst this dye thou put'st on thee,
 Thou depriv'st of comfort me.
 Change then this same weed of dole,
 Fit for a departing soul:
 Give to me the colour black,
 With it the flitting Ghosts to track.

The forsaken Lovers complaint.

I

UNto the soundless vaults of hell below,
 I'll (with my greifes remediless) amaine;
 Whilst frighted Ghosts, as pitiful, shall show,
 And flinty rocks remorse take of my paine.
 Yea death it self my bitter paines shall know,
 To witness that my life in hell hath laine.
 For Lovers true can never dye indeed;
 Whose loyal hearts a heavenly fire doth feed.

2

My body laid along within my grave,
 Shall show its tears, its torment, and its love;
 And for my mind, did never change nor wave,
 Far brighter then the sun, the same shall prove.
 By me, my Ladies picture I will have,
 Which (though being dead), afresh will make me
 Like to the fire, in ashes covered; (love.
 Which (though it show no flame) yet is not dead.
 Love

3

Love is not tam'd by death, but still doth live,
Although that life doth flit and pass away:
Then (Lady) think not (though by death thou grieve
My body) that thou love canst make decay,
As long as fancy doth by beauty drive
Into my soul : no, this will 'bide for aye.
Within my heart the beauty printed is :
Love in my Tombe to harbour will not miss.

4

Thinkst thou I'll leave to love thee, being dead,
When thy faire portraicture revives my sight ?
Voices from Tombs (they say) have some men lead,
Restoring them unto their senses right.
Then how much more, ought love be honoured,
Whom (then the greatest Gods) is more of might:
Then think not when my corps bury'd you see,
That from thy love (as thou wouldst) I am free.

5

Lift to my monument, and thou shalt hear
How I will sigh (for without soul) thy fire
Shall hold me up, whilst living I appear
(Being dead) as 'fore my death I did desire.
Nor deadly pangs thereof, will I once fear,
Nor part from thee, as thou wouldst faine require.
For in thy life so cruel th' hast not been,
But in my death as loyal I'll be seen.

6

Yet is my fortune better far, then thine;
For without breach of faith (as thou hast done)
I shall have leave to plaine those Ills of mine,
Thou thinkst (in killing me a martyrdom
More tedious then before) me to assigne:
But th'art deceiv'd; a wrong race hast thou run;
For whilst I liv'd, thy rigour was my bane;
But being dead, I am freed from my pain.

E 2

The

The despairing Lover.

ELsewhere declare
Thy woful care;
And leave the skies :
Thy woful plaints
Thy heart that taints,
They do despise.

See, they look red,
With rage o'respread,
And horror too.
'Tis they, in griefe,
Without reliefe,
That us undoo.

He is a sot,
That thinketh not
That from that place,
Through destiny,
Most wretchedly,
Comes our disgrace.

Then better 'tis
For death to with,
And end our daies,
Then still in strife,
Lead such a life,
So plagu'd alwaies.

For death's our friend,
When he doth end
Our bitter smart;
And through the same,
Doth rid our paine,
With his keen dart.

A Knell.

G Ome list and hark ;
The bell doth toul
For some but new
Departing soul.
And was not that
Some ominous fowle,
The Bat, the Night-
Crow, or Skreech-owle ?
To these I hear
The wild wolfe howle,
In this black night,
That seems to scowle.
All these, my black-
Book shall inrowle.
For hark, still, still
The bell doth toul
For some but now
Departing soul.

A warning to the Grave.

H Ark now every think is still,
The Skreech-owle , and the whistler shrill :
Call upon our Dame aloud,
And bid her quickly d'on her shrowd.
Much you had of Land, and Rent ;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind ;
Here, your perfect peace is sign'd.
"Of what is t Fooles make such vain keeping ?
"Sin their conception, their birth weeping ;
"Their life a general mist of error,
"Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your haire with powder sweet;
 D'on clean linen; bathe your feet:
 'Tis now full tide, 'tween night and day:
 End your groan, and come away.

A mournful Dirty, on the death of a drowned friend.

FLow streams of liquid salt, from my sad eyes,
 To celebrate his mournful obsequies:
 R. S. is dead; he's dead, and I remain,
 To draw my poor life in continual pain;
 Till it hath paid to his sad memory,
 Duty of love, O then most willingly,
 Drown'd with my teares, as he with waves, I dye.

Of women in general.

THere are some holy, but some apt to sin;
 Some tractable, but some that none can win.
 Such as are vertuous, gold nor wealth can move;
 Some vicious, of themselves are prone to love.
 Some grapes are sweet, and in the garden grow;
 Others unprun'd, turn wild; neglected so.
 The purest oare contains both gold and dross;
 The one all gain, the other nought but loss:
 The one disgrace, reproach, and scandal taints,
 The other Angels and sweet featur'd Saints.

Dust is lighter then a feather,
 And the wind more light then either:
 But a womans fickle mind,
 More light then feather, dust, or wind.

A Dialogue between ENDYMION & EXPEDITION.

Ex. **W**Hat, ho, *Endymion*! how the Dormouse sleeps!
Awake, for shame; open thy wink-a-peeps!

End. What stir you make? I come with speed I can;
(And too much speed) for I have tyr'd my man.

Expe. Who, *Dulman*?

End. Yes.

I thought the Knave would shame us,
And play us one horse-trick for *Ignoramus*.

Anagrams.

A good Patron's Anagram is,
PATREN, Anag. **PARENT**.

An evil ones,

PATRONE, Anag. **ROPE AN'T**.

CHEATER,

Anag.

TEACHER.

*Teacher you are, for you have taught me more
Than I was taught in all my life before.*

Bliss or Bale:

No medium in love.

IF you reward my love with love again,
My bliss, my life, my heaven I will deem you:
But if for love, you render me disdain,
My bale, my death, my hell, I must esteem you.

A Madrigal.

WHosoever longs to try
 Both love and Jealousie;
 My fair unconstant Lady let him see,
 And he will soon a jealous lover bee.

The Lovers Letany.

FFrom a fair face, and a false heart;
 From the force of *Cupid's* forked dart;
 From a wagtail'd wench with an—wart,
Libera me.

From an oiled skin, and a false hair;
 From towed, sullied, and o'er-jaded ware;
 From a painted Fro of St. *James* his faire,
Libera me.

From a wanton hag, and a noseless *Jone*;
 From ent'ring the pass a Frenchman has gon;
 From her that will for a shilling be won,
Libera me.

From a City-decoy, and a suburb-Bawd;
 From a Panders gripe, and a courtesans fraud;
 From a parcht *Parachito*, whose face is flau'd,
Libera me.

From a drunken female, who spreads her thies;
 From an old woman that hath lust in her eyes;
 From a common strumpet who seems to be nice,
Libera me.

The Bride-maids Song.

From the Temple to the Boord,
From the Boord unto the Bed,
We conduct your maidenhead;
Wishing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleasures that he can
'Twixt a woman and a man.

A Song to be sung the marriage-night, by two, in parts.

The first.

THine, O *Hymen*, thine, O thee
Whole beauties verse, *Caliope*,
Sing to marriage-rites an Io.
Io to *Hymen*.

The second.

To thee (*Apollo*) is my sute;
Lend me, a while, thy silver Lute.
O what a wo it is to bring
A Bride, to bed, and never sing
Io to *Hymen*.

Ambo.

When she's old, still seem she young;
When she's weak, to her be strong;
Be *Cyprus* both, and *Paphos* here:
Love sing with merry cheere,
Io to *Hymen*.

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Ambo.

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When she's weak, to her be strong;
Be *Cyprus* both, and *Paphos* here:
Love sing with merry cheere,
Io to *Hymen*.

Ad eundem; the bridegroom being wanting at bed-time.

DRop golden showers; gentle sleep,
And all the Angels of the night,
Which do us in protection keep,
Make the Bride dream of delight.
Morphew, be kind a little, and be
Deaths true Image; for 'twill prove
To this poor bride, that then th'art he:
Her lord is absent from her love.
Thus with sweet sweets can heaven mix gall;
Come quickly, Bridegroom, or not at all.

Song.

Sing sweetly, that our notes may cause
The heav'nly orbes themselves to pause,
And at our musick stand as still
As at *Joves* amorous will.
So now release them, as before,
Th'ave waited long enough: no more.

The description of a matchless beauty,

*written at the request of the most brave and gallant
Lady, the Lady L. S. during my residence at Win-
chester, 1648.*

HEr haire like hemlocks, careless fall,
To deck her amorous eyes withall;
As fiery as the evening, where
We read the next day will be fair.

Her curious forehead well doth show
Where Carbuncles in number grow.
But the beauty of her nose
Would fright a man out of his clothes,

To dance a naked round-delay
When on the tobaccō-pipe you play;
And the pale brightness of her lips,
Doth force the Sun to an eclipse.

Her cheeks of fat and foggy stuff,
Like the running dropsey, swell and puff.
But oh, the apples on them grow,
I think were rotten long ago.

Her precious neck and breasts display
Her skins antiquity: for they,
Like a dri'd dunghil, chop and break,
Until her snout begins to leak.

Her parched fists defie the Sun;
For all the malice he hath don
Can't change her hide; nor any stain
Corrupt it, for it's dy'd in grain.

Her spacious belly, and her waste,
Have grease sufficiently to baste
A herd of swine: they have such store,
A Shambles cannot purchase more.

Her thighs like two *Colossus* seem,
Proportion'd with her bodies teem:
And those which bear her pond'rous britch,
Are mighty columns full of itch.

But

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But some, that have her hooves espi'd,
With fear the fooles fell down and di'd.
Yet all this while, I have forgot
Her tongue, as still as Cannon-shot.

All parts of her, I can't display;
The rest unseen, the Devil may.
She is the wonder of our age;
Nor lacks she ought but a large cage.

Englands Elyzium.

An Heroick Poem intended.

THou fertil Island, seated in the sea;
Whose waves do dance, by musick of the Moon;
That on thy banks pretty *Lavolta's* play,
As if they would intreat thee take a boon.
Receive all fish that's food, and bless the store:
For never monster shall come neer thy shore.

Thou little world, yet all without the world;
Thou second *Eden*, seated in the west:
From thee thy fountains in seven mouths are hurl'd:
Such as from *Nile*, the garden door so blest.
Humber, Ware, Tine, Dee, four so have their names;
Severn, and *Owze*, the last and richest *Thames*.

No beasts of danger live upon thy earth;
No Panther, Tyger, ought procuring harms:
To Lyons, Dragons, thou dost give no birth;
Yet with them both, thou dost support thine arms.
Lyons we have not, as in other parts;
But we have men, with Beares and Lyons hearts.

A Song.

Foolish I, why should I grieve
To sustaine what others feel?
What, suppose frail women leave
Those they lov'd, should I conceal
Comforts rest
From my brest,
For a fickle brittle woman?
No, no, no;
Let her go:
Such as these be true to no-man.

2.

Long retired hast thou been,
Sighing to the barren Rocks;
Nor by sheep, nor Shepherd seen:
Now returne unto thy flocks.
For shame away;
Do not stay
With these moving loving women:
They remove
From their love;
Such as these do oft undo men.

ODES.

O D E S.

ODE I.

A Dialogue between a Lover and his Mistress.

Lov. HENCE loose alluring looks; no more of love;
No more thy seeming virtues shall deceive

Mis. I know my dearest speaks but this to prove (me
How well I love: thou thinkst it doth not grieve me.

Lov. Thy beauty was a bait, to draw mine eye.

Mis. And with thy look my heart was set on fire:

Lov. I thought to find a suiting soul in thee:

Mis. Thy love's the I'mit that bounds my desire.

Lo. Thy looseness makes my love's date now expire.

Mis. Where then thy vows? *Lov.* Gone with thy
(seeming worth.

Mis. And made to me. *Lov.* no: vertue brought
(them forth,

Which failing, now no fewel feeds my fire.

Mis. My heart's the harbour, where thy hopes must
(stay.

Lov. The ground not good, the Anchor draws away.

ODE. 2.

Adrastus, Clariana.

Adrastus.

Dost not thou, *Clariana*, read

Am'rous volumes in my eyes?

Doth not every motion plead,

What I'd show, and yet disguise?

Senses act each others part;

Eyes, as tongues, reveal the heart.

Clariana.

I saw love, as lightning, break
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to hear thy silence speak :
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sense of learning hears
The dumb musick of the sphears.

Adrastus.

Then there's mercy in your kind,
Lisning to an unfeign'd love :
O'strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move ?
No ; y'are pitious, as y'are fair :
Heaven relents, o'recome by pray'r.

Clariana.

But loose man's too prodigal
In the expence of voves ;
And thinks to him kingdoms fall,
When the heart of women bowes.
Frailty to your armes may yeild ;
Who resists you, win the field.

Adrastus.

Triumph not, to see me bleed :
Let the Bore, chas'd from his den,
On the wounds of mankind feed :
Your soft Sex should pity men.
" Malice we'll may practise art :
" Love hath a transparent heart.

Clariana.

Yet is love all one deceit ;
A warm frost, a frozen fire :
" She within her self is great,
" Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise ;
And then love may find his eyes,

Adra-

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Adrastus.

Hymen's Torch yeilds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands.
" A proud day, but mournful night,
" She sustaines, who marries lands.
" Wealth slaves man : but for their ore,
" The Indians had been free, though poor.

Clariana.

And yet wealth the fuel is
Which maintaines the Nuptial fire,
And in honour there is blifs :
They are immortal who aspire.
But " Truth saies, No joyes are sweet,
" But where united hearts do meet.

Adrastus.

Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves,
As when you affirm, content
In no spheare of glory moves.
" Glory narrow souls combines ;
" Noble hearts love onely joynes.

ODE 3.

A Lover expecting his Mistresse's presence.

B Right dew, which dost the field adorn,
As the earth, to welcome in the morn,
Would hang a jewel, on each corn,

Did not the pitious night, whose cares
Have oft been conscious of my feares,
Distil you from her eyes as teares.

Or that my Mistresse for your zeal,
When she her beauties shall reveal,
Might you to Diamonds congeal.

If not your pity, yet howere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appear
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see, she comes : bright lamp o'th' skie,
Put out thy light ; the world shall spie
A fairer Sun, in either eye ;

And liquid pearl hang heavy now
On every grass, that it may bow,
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be ;
And were I here should question thee :
He's full of whispers, speak not me.

But if the busie retrace day,
Our happy interview betray ;
Lest thou confests too, melt away.

ODE. 4.

I.

I Can love, and love entirely,
And can prove a constant friend :
But I must be lov'd as dearly,
And as truly to the end.
For her love no sooner slaketh,
But my fancy farewell taketh.

2.

I cannot indure delaying ;
I must have her quickly won :
Be she nice (though not denaying)
By her leave, I then have don.
For I am not yet at leasure
To wait for a doubtful pleasure.

With

3

With beauty I will not be blinded,
 Yet I will none foul affect :
 With wealth I will not be winded,
 If in behaviour be defect.
 Beauty stained, such love dieth ;
 Wealth decayed, such love flieth.

4

Gifts do good; yet he is silly
 That therein expendeth store :
 If he win not (tell me) will he
 Not be meerly mockt therefore ?
 It is better to be keeping,
 Then to sow, not sure of reaping.

5

Be she rich, and fair, and gained,
 If I fickleness do find,
 My desires are quickly wained ;
 I can steer with other wind.
 For vertue I have vow'd to chuse her :
 When that failes, I will refuse her.

A Riddle.

WHAT * Bird is that so light,
 Her place that never changeth?
 She flies by day and night ;
 In all the world she rangeth.
 Over the Sea at once she flies,
 Mounting above the lofty skies ;
 She's never seen by eyes :
 And who doth seek to show her,
 Hath been accounted wise ;
 Yet sometimes we do know her,
 Onely the walls by viewing well
 Of her close house where she doth dwel.

* By the birds ones
 thought is un-
 derstood; which
 flies with such
 swiftness, that it
 is not seen of any,
 but conjectured
 & known by the
 outward signes
 and gestures of
 body.

Answer.

NOr life nor vertue have * I, lest I dye :
I borrow of my buried Trunk chiefe strength:
Though I am dead, ore time yet triumph I,
Ore time, that every thing consumes at length.
What's dead, disdained is ; yet all afford
Me honour, and their chiefe preserver name :
All men may rightly call me their best Lord,
Since (without me) the world they can't maintain.
Yet though so much good doth from me proceed ;
Yet thankless worldlings do not stick at all
To cut me off in summer with great speed,
And beat me into little powder small.
Yet had I rather cruelly thus perish,
Then fail with my best strength mortals to cherish.

**The corne; which being sown in the earth, and seeming dead, casteth forth a green blade, and in time groweth to be ripe in despite of all stormes and foul weather. It nourisheth mankind, and therefore is honoured by them as a father.*

Poesies for Rings.

THou art my star ;
Be not irregular.

Without thy love,
I backward move.

Thine eyes so bright
Are my chiefe light.

This

This intimates
True Lovers states.

My life is done
When thou art gone.

A double Poësie.

This hath no end,
My sweetest friend.
Our loves be so,
No ending know.

Poësies upon Bracelets.

AS love gives life to every part,
So this gives life unto my heart.
This chafily lies, and lives with me :
Oh that I might do so with thee !

Another.

How might I triumph in my bliss,
If love were where my Bracelet is !
For then should love do no such harm,
To wring my heart, but wreath my arm.

A wish.

Eies hide my love, and do not show
To any, but to her, my notes ;
Who onely doth that cypher know,
Wherewith we pass our secret thoughts.
Belye your looks in others sight ;
And wrong your selves, to do her right.

Songs and Sonnets.

Song 1.

TAke, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

2.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen blossoms beares;
On whose tops, the pinks that grow
Are of those that *April* weares.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those joy-chaines by thee.

Song 2.

O for a Bowl of rich Canary,
Fat *Aristippus*, sparkling Sherry,
Some Nectar else, from *Juno's* dairy:
O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench! I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things:
Tickled am I, with her imbraces:
Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

O for a plump fat leg of Mutton,
Veal, Lamb, Capon, Pig, and Coney:
None is happy, but a Glutton;
None an Ass, but who wants money.

Wines

Wines indeed, and Gingles are good ;
 But brave victuals feast the blood.
 For wenches, wine, and lusty cheere,
Jove would come down, to surfeit here.

Song 3.

Tell me, *Jove*, should she disdain,
 Whether it were greater pain,
 Silent in thy flames to dye,
 Or say I love, and she deny ?

Flames suppress, do higher grow :
 Should she icorn, when she does know
 Thy affection, thou shalt prove
 A glorious martyrdom for love.

Better to loves mercy bow ;
 She may burn as well as thou.
 Oh then, tim'rous heart, proceed :
 For wounds are death, that inward bleed.

Song 4.

Charm, O charm, thou God of sleep,
 Her fair eyes, that waking mourn ;
 Frightful visions from her keep,
 Such as are by sorrowes born.
 But let all the sweets that may
 Wait on rest, her thoughts obey.

Fly, O fly, thou God of love,
 To that brest thy dart did wound :
 Draw thy shaft, the smart remove ;
 Let her wonted joyes be found.
 Raise up pleasure to a flood
 Never ebbing ; new joyes bud.

Song 5.

When that I poor soul was borne,
I was born unfortunate ;
Presently the Fates had sworn
To foretell my hapless state.

When his fair beams did hide ;
Phæbe clipt her Silver light :
In my birth my mother dide,
Young and fair, in heavy plight.

And the nurse that gave me suck
Hapless was, in all her life ;
And I never had good luck,
Being maid, or married wife.

I lov'd well, and was belov'd ;
And forgetting was forgot :
This a hapless marriage mov'd ;
Greiving, that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in such a grave of woes
Daily to be buried,
Which no end nor number knows.

Song 6.

The Fisher-mans Ditty.

Though the weather jangles
With our hooks and angles ;
Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken ;
Though fresh Cod and Whiting

Are

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Are not this day biting
Gurnet nor Cunger, to satisfie hunger ;
Yet look to our draught.

Hale the main bowling,
The Seas have left their rowling,
The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing ;
Up to the top-mast, Boy,
And bring us news of joy :
Here's no demurring ; no fishes stirring ;
Yet something we have caught.

Song 7.

What motions, times, and changes ?
What waies ? what uncouth ranges ?
What slights ? what delusions ?
What gladness (in conclusions)
Have risen of such sorrows ?
One faith yet all these borrowes ;
And one good love assureth,
And all misfortune cureth.
And since from grieve they vary,
Good Fortune, come, and tarry.

Song 8.

My heart in flames do fry
Of thy beauty,
While I
Dye :
Fie ;
And why
Shouldst thou deny
Methy sweet company?

My braines to teares do flow,
While all below
Doth glow :
Foe;
If so,
How canst thou go
About to say me no?

Song 9.

THIS Lady ripe, and calm, and fresh,
As Eastern Summers are,
Must now forsake both time and flesh,
T' add light to some small star.

2.

Whil' st that alive each star decay'd
She may relieve with light;
But death sends beauty to a shade
More cold, more dark then night.

3.

The sawcy faith of man doth blind
His pride, till it conduce
To destine all his abject-kind
For some eternall use.

4.

But ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go :
Since knowledge is but sorrows Spy,
It is not safe to know.

Song 10.

The constant Lover.

Times change, and shall (as we do see)
And life shall have an end ;

But

F

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But yet my faith shall ever be
Whereon mine eyes depend.

The days and moments, and their scope ;
The hours, with their changes wrought,
Are cruel enemies to hope,
And friends unto a loving thought.

Thoughts still remain, (as we do see)
And hope shall have an end :
But yet my Faith sha'n't wanting be,
My hope for to defend.

Sonnet I.
Cupids craft.

I Play'd with Love, Love play'd with me again ;
I mock'd at him, but he mock'd me indeed :
He would not let my heart his art exceed ;
For (though a boy) yet mocks he doth disdain.
A friend he is to those that do not fain.
My jests (it seems) do true affection breed :
And now if Love is not reveng'd with speed,
My heart can witness it with earnest pain,
That one may love, and jest it out again.

Song II.
Being a Pastoral Ditty.

I.
IN this green mead, Mine eyes, what do you see ?
The Bagpipe of my Nymph, so passing fair ?
Unless my senses dream, so should it be ;
For sure this is the Oak, where, with despair,
She lean'd unto ; and here the grass yet lies,
And field, which she did water with her eyes.

2.

For, I thee pray, if this I do but fear,
And if my dream do fall out sure or no,
By all the love to Nymphs that thou didst bear,
Open mine eyes, the truth that I may know.
Help me to pray him, green and flow'ry Mead;
Help me to pray him, Oak, with branched head.

3.

This Bagpipe of my Nymph I will devise,
To hang it here (fair Oak) to honour thee:
A worthy Trophée, though before mine eyes
Lying disgrac'd; For tears they cannot see.
If it be sure, or if I dream in vain,
Spoil'd in this mead with parching sun and rain.

4.

(stroak,

That gracious Nymph, who gave my heart the
In this green Mead I saw (a heav'nly Prize)
And (if I dream not) leaning to that Oak;
Nay sure I did behold her with mine eyes.
O that she had but seen me then again,
Or that I had but seen, and dream'd in vain!

Sonnet II:

Cupid was angry with my merry face,
Because I ever laugh'd him to scorn;
And all his followers (hapless and forlorn)
I mockt in publike and in private place:
Wherefore he arm'd himself to my disgrace,
When time a fit occasion did suborn:
But I despis'd his flames, his power did scorn.

Nor did I any of his hefts embrace:
Who seeing that he built upon the sand;
Since by a face he could me not devour,
He shew'd me, then, a fine and dainty hand;
Which

Which once beheld, it lay not in my power
For to remaine unconquer'd ; no, nor would
I be deliver'd now, although I could.

Song 12.

An invitation to love.

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
Whiles the spring of nature lasteth :
Love and melting thoughts befriend ye ;
Use the time, ere Winter hasterh.
Active blood and free delight,
Place, and privacie, invite :
Do, do, be kind as fair ;
Looke not opportunity for air.

She is cruel, that denies it :
Bounty best appears in granting.
Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
Whiles the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of blifs,
When each whisper proves a kiss.
In the game are felt no paines ;
For in all, the loser gaines.

Sonnet III.

They say love sware, he never would be friend,
If mortal jealousie were not in a place ;
And beauty never be in any face,
Unless that pride did on her thoughts attend :
These are two hags, which hideous hell doth send,
Our sweet content to trouble and disgrace :
The one, the joy of love, to pain doth chase ;
The other pity from the heart defend.

Beau-

Beauty, and love, were both forsworne by me
And thee; my making my unsure estate
In joy and happines so fortunate;
Because since first thy figure I did see,
Being so faire, yet prouder wast thou never,
Nor I in love, that could be jealous ever.

Song 13.

Love, if a God thou art,
Then evermore thou must
Be mercifull and just.
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Mistres heart?

If merciful, then why
Am I to pain reserv'd?
Who have thee truely serv'd,
While she, that for thy power cares not a hic,
Laughs thee to scorn, and lives in liberty.

Then if a God thou woulst accounted be,
Heal me like her, or else wound her like me.

Sonnet IIII.

The Bat, that lurketh in a stony wall,
Flies here and there, assured of her sight;
When that the signes of darksome night she
Approaching on; contented therewithall: (sees
But when she spies *Apollo's* beames so bright,
Her fault she doth acknowledge, and recal.
So now of late it did to me befall;
And with my wandring mind it well agrees.

For I did think there was no other light,
Nor beauty, but in her who did invite

My senses first to love : but, to my thrall,
 When I beheld my *Mirabel*, bedight
 With beauties, and such grace angelical ;
 Then by and by I knew that heretofore
 I plainly err'd, but never could do more.

Song 14.

ARe women fair ? yes wond'rous fair to see too :
 Are women sweet ? yea, passing sweet they be too.
 Most fair, and sweet, to them that inly love them ;
 Chaste & discreet, to all save those that prove them

Are women wise ? not wise, but they be witty :
 Are women witty ? yea, the more the pitty.
 They are so witty, and in wit so wily,
 That be you ne'er so wise, they will beguile ye.

Are women fools ? not fools, but fondlings many :
 Can women fond, be faithful unto any ?
 When snow-white Swans do turn to colour fable,
 Then women fond will be both firm and stable.

Are women Saints ? no Saints, nor yet no Devils :
 Are women good ? not good, but needful evils.
 So Angel-like, that Devils I do'n't doubt them ;
 So needful Ills, that few can live without them.

Are women proud ? I, passing proud, & praise them :
 Are women kinde ? I, wond'rous kind, & please them ;
 Or so imperious, no man can endure them ;
 Or so kind-hearted, any may procure them.

Sonnet V.

AS many stars as heav'n containeth, strive
 To frame my harm, and luckless hap to shew ;
 And in the earth, no grass nor green doth grow,
 That

That to my grief the least of comfort gives,
"Love unto fear subjected, ever drives
 "A soul to coldest ice. O bitter wo,
 That he whom Fortune contradicteth so,
Continually, with Jealousie, must live!
The fault (dear Mistress) I must lay on thee,
And all my grief; on thee I do complain
 (O cruel soul) that pity dost disdain:
For if thou hadst but taken part with me,
I would not care, though 'gainst me did conspire
Heav'n, Earth, and Love, and Fortune, in their ire.

Song 15.

All women are not evil.

I.

They meet but with unwholesome Springs,
And Summers, which infectious are:
They hear, but when the Mer-maid sings,
And onely see the falling star;
 Whoever dare
Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

2.

Go cure your Fevers, and you'll say
The Dog-days scorch not all the year:
In Copper-mynes no longer stay,
But travel to the West, and there
 The right ones see,
And grant all Gold's not Alchymie.

3.

What mad-man ('cause the glo-worm's flame
Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to mans desire;
 Shall the sex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

*Sonnet. 6.**written to the Authors first Love.*

IS't, that my pocket-hol'd face doth beauty lack?
 No. Your sweet sex sweet beauty praiseth;
 Ours, wit and valour chiefly raiseth.
 Is't, that my muskless cloaths are plain and black?
 No. What wise Ladies love fine noddies,
 With poor-clad mindes, and rich-clad bodies?
 Is't, that no costly gifts mine Agents are?
 No. My free heart, which I present you,
 Should more then Gold or Peal content you.
 Is't, that my Verses want invention rare?
 No. I was never skilful Poet:
 I truly love, and plainly show it.

Is't, that I vaunt, or am effeminate?
 O scornful Vices, I abhor you:
 Dwell still in Court, the place fit for you.
 Is't, that you tear my love soon turns to hate?
 No. Though disdain'd, I can hate never;
 But lov'd, where once I love, love ever.

*Song 16.**A Pastoral Dialogue,*

Penned at the command of my noble freind, M. Theodorus Loc Esquire, on the attaining his Mistress love.

MELIBEUS, ERGASTUS

Mel. **S**hepherd, why dost thou hold thy peace?
 Sing, and thy joy to us report.
Erg. My joy (good Shepherd) would be less,
 If it were told in any sort.

Mel.

Mel. Though such great savours thou dost win,
Yet deigne thereof to tell some part.

Erg. The hardest thing is to begin,
In enterprises of such art.

Mel. It is not just we should consent
That thou should'st not thy joys recite.

Erg. The soul that felt the punishment,
Can onely feel this great delight.

Mel. That joy is small, and doth not shine,
That is not told abroad to many.

Erg. If it be such a joy as mine,
It can't be pensill'd out by any.

Mel. How can that heart of thine contain
A joy that is of so great force?

Erg. I have it, where I did retain
My passions of so great remorse.

Mel. So great and rare a joy as this,
No man is able to withhold.

Erg. But that the greatest pleasure is,
That in low language can't be told

Mel. Yet I have heard thee heretofore,
Thy joys in open songs report.

Erg. I said I had of joy some store;
But not how much, or in what sort.

Mel. Yet when a joy is in excess,
It self it will unfold.

Erg. Thus then my joies I do express;
I clip my *Arnagold*.

Sonnet VII.

SHe that denies me, I would have
Who craves me, I despise:
Venus hath power to rule my heart,
But not to please my eyes.

Temptations offer'd, still I scorn;
 Deny'd I with them still:
 I'll neither glut my appetite,
 Nor seek to starve my will.
Diana double cloath'd, offends;
 So *Venus* naked quite:
 The last begers a surfer, and
 The other not delight.
 That crafty girl shall please me best,
 That *No* for *Yea* can say;
 And ev'ry wanton willing kiss
 Can season with a *Nay*.

Song 17. •

1.

When to her Lute *Althea* sings,
 Her voice revives the leaden strings;
 And doth in highest notes appear,
 As any challeng'd eccho clear.
 But when she doth of mourning speak,
 Ev'n then her sighs the strings do break.

2.

And as her Lute doth live or die,
 (Led by her passions) so must I:
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring.
 But if she do of sorrow speak,
 Ev'n fresh my heart the strings do break.

Sonnet VIII.

1.

Like the Violet, which alone
 Prospers in some happie shade,

My

My dear Mistress lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd :
“ For she's to her self untrue,
“ Who delights i' th' publike view.

2.

Such her beauty, as no arts
Hath enrich'd with borrow'd grace :
Her high birth no pride imparts ;
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a noble blood :
She is noblest, being good.

3.

She's cautious, and ne'er knew yet
What a wanton courtship meant,
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit ;
In her silence eloquent.
Of her self survey she takes ;
But 'tween men no diff'rence makes.

Song 18.

*A Country-Courtship, written during my abode at Sir
E. D's house in Wiltshire.*

1.

Chloris, my onely Goddess, and my good ;
Whiter then is th' untrodden snowie way,
And redder then the rose but late a bud,
Half blown, and pluckt with dew by break of day,
To view, more comely then the Plane-tree's shape,
And sweeter then the ripe and swelling grape ;
More pleasant then the shade in summer-time,
Or the sun-beams in winters coldest prime.

2.

More fresh then any cool and trembling winde,
More noble then the fruit that Orchards yeeld ;
More

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More jocund then the tender Kid by kind,
When full it skips, and traverseth the fields;
More flowry then the rich and pleasant mead,
With painted flowers in midst of *May* bespread;
More soft then spotless down on Cygnets brest,
Or the sweet milk, and cheese-curds yet unprest:

3.

Clusters of Grapes do beautify my Vines,
Some golden purple-red, all fair and full;
Of part whereof I make most dainty wines,
And part of them I keep for thee to pull:
And with thy hands, most delicate and fair,
Gather thou may't ripe Plums, by goodly pairs,
Under the shadow of thy boughes, to ease thee.

4.

Here I have Damscens, Nuts, and colour'd Peares,
With Peaches fine, that would each eye invite;
And every tree, and fruit this Island bears,
All for thy service, pleasure, and delight.
And as my heart, to please thee, I have bowed;
So have all these, the self-same office vowed,
In *Autumn* (if thy husband I might be)
Chesnuts and Medlers I would keep for thee.

Sonnet, I X.

The Lover embracing his Mistress.

ABout the husband, Oak the Vine
Thus wreaths to kiss his leavy face;
Their streams thus Rivers joyn,
And lose themselves in the embrace:
But Trees want sense, when they infold;
And waters, when they meet, are cold.
Thus Turtles, bill, and groan,
Their loves into each others care;

Two flames, thus burn in one,
When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare :
But Birds want soul, though not desire ;
And flames material, soon expire.

Song 19.

Sung by three Beggers.

IRUS, BRUNELLO, FURBO.

IRUS.

B Right shines the Sun, play Beggers, play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to day.

What noise of Vials is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want, where Beggers meet?
A Beggers life is for a King.

Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,
Go where we will, so stocks be mist.

*Bright shines the Sun, play Beggers, play ;
Here's scraps enough to serve to day.*

BRUNELLO.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For we alone have world at will ;
We purchase not, all is our own ;
Both fields and streets we Beggers fill.

Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did ever break a Beggers sleep.

Bright shines the Sun, &c.

FURBO.

A hundred head of black and white,
Upon our downes securely feed ;
If any dare his Master bite,
He dies therefore, as sure as creed :

Thus

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Thus Beggars lord it as they please;
And none but Beggers live at ease.
Bright shines the Sun, &c.

Sonnet X.

Disdain, that so doth fill me,
Hath surely sworn to kill me;
And I must die.
Desire, that still doth burn me,
To life again will turn me;
And live must I.
O kill me then, Disdain,
That I may live again.

2.

Thy looks are life unto me,
And yet those looks undo me:
O death and life.
Thy smile some rest doth shew me,
Thy frown doth soon o'erthrow me;
O peace and strife.
Nor life nor death is either;
Then give me both, or neither.

3.

Life onely, cannot please me;
Death onely, cannot ease me:
Change is delight.
I live, that death may kill me,
And die that life may fill me
Both day and night.
If once Desire decay,
Despair will wear away.

Song

Song 20.

Sung by a Shepherd and a Shepherdess :
AMYNTAS, AMARILLIS.

Amynt. **T**He cause why that thou dost deny
To look on me, sweet Fo, impart.

Amar. Because that doth not please the eye,
Which doth offend and grieve the heart.

Amynt. What woman is, or ever was
That when she looketh, was not mov'd?

Amar. She that resolves her life to pass,
Neither to love, nor to be lov'd.

Amynt. There is no heart so fierce or hard,
That can so much torment a soul;

Amar. Nor Shepherd of so small regard,
That Reason will so much controul.

Amynt. How falls it out, love doth not kill
Thy Cruelty with some remorse?

Amar. Because that Love is but a Will;
And Free-will doth admit no force.

Amynt. Behold what reason now thou hast
To remedy my loving smart.

Amar. The very same bindes me as fast
To keep such danger from my heart.

Amynt. Why dost thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beauty keep?

Amar. Because thou call'st me still unkinde,
And pitiless, when thou dost meet.

Amynt. Is it because thy cruelty,
In killing me, doth never end?

Amar. No; but because I mean thereby
My heart from sorrow to defend.

Sonnet X I.

I.

A *Mphion*, O thou holy shade,
 Bring *Orpheus* with thee ;
 That wonder may you both invade,
 To hear my melody.
 You who are soul (not rudely made)
 Up with material ears,
 Are fit to hear the musick of these spheares.

2.

Hark, when my Mistress Orbes do move, .
 By my first moving eyes :
 How great's the Symphonie of love ?
 But 'tis the destinie
 Will not so far my pray'rs approve, .
 To bring you hither ; here
 Is a true heaven, and Elizium there.

Song 20.

Loose your lids, unhappy eyes,
 From the sight of such a change ;
 Love hath learned to despise ;
 Self-conceit, hath made him strange :
 Inward now, his sight he turneth,
 With himself, in love he burneth.

If abroad he beauty spie,
 As by chance he looks abroad ;
 Or it is wrought by his eye,
 Or forc'd out by Painters fraud :
 Save himself, none fair he deemeth,
 That himself too much esteemeth.

Coy disdain, hath kindness place,
Kindness forc'd to hide his head,
True desire is counted base;
Hope with hope, is hardly fed:
Love is thought a fury needles;
He that hath it, shall dye speedles.

Then mine eyes, why gaze you so?
Beauty scornes the tears you shed;
Death you seek to end my woe;
O that I of death were sped!
But with love, hath death conspired,
To kill none whom Love hath fired.

Sonnet XII.

L Et the silence of the night,
At my will, her duty shew,
Harken to me, every wight,
Or be still, or speak but low:
Let no watching dog, with spight,
Bark at any, to or fro,
Nor the Cock (of *Titan* bright
The foreteller) once to crow.
Let no prying Goose excite
All the Flock to squeak a-vow:
Let the windes retain their might,
Or a little while not blow,
Whil'st all cares I do invite,
To hear the Ditty I bestow;
In the which, I will recite
Her deserts, which ever grow,
Nor her beauties, so bedight,
Fairer then the Rose, or snow;
Nor her vertues exquisite,
Which no man deserves to know;

For

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For into Seas infinite,
With a small Bark, it were to go.

I will onely sing and write
In what miseries I flow ;
That in sorrows I delight,
Praising Love's all-conqu'ring bow:
Wishing to eternal night,
(To end my sorrows) I might go.

Song 22.

THine eyes so bright
Bereft my sight,
When first I view'd thy face :
So now my light
Is turn'd to night ;
I stray from place to place.

Then guide me, of thy kindness ;
And I will bless my blindness.

Sonnet XIII.

NOW do the birds, in their warbling words,
Welcome the year ;
With sugred notes, they chirrup through
To win a Phear. (their throats,

Sweetly they breathe the wanton love
That Nature in them warms ;
And each to gain a mate doth prove,
With sweet enchaining charms.

He sweetly sings, and stays the nimble wings
Of her in the aire :

She

She hov'ring stays, to hear his loving lays,
Which wooe her there.

She becomes willing, hears him woo ;
Gives ear unto his song ;
And doth (as Nature taught her) do ;
Yeelds, su'd unto not long.

But my Dear stays, she feeds me with delays,
Hears not my mone :
She knows the smart, in time will kill my heart,
To live alone.

Learn of the birds, to chuse thee a Phear,
But not like them to range.
Have they their mate but for a year ?
Yet let us never change.

Song 23.

A Riddle.

I Saw a hill upon a day,
Lift up above the air ;
Which watered with blood alway,
And tilled with great care.
Herbs it brought forth,
Of mickle worth.

Pulling a handful from that ridge,
And touching but the same ;
Which leaving neer unto a bridge,
Doth cause much sport and game,
(A thing scarce of belief)
Lamenting without grief.

Son-

Sonnet XIII.

IN heav'n the blessed Angels have their being,
 In hell, the Fiends appointed to damnation;
 To men and beasts, earth yeilds firm habitation;
 The wing'd Musicians, in the aire are fleeing.
 With fins, the people gliding,
 Of water have th' enjoyning;
 In fire all else destroying,
 The Salamander findes a strange abiding;
 But I (O wretch) since I did first aspire,
 To love a beauty, beauties all excelling,
 Have my strange, adyerse dwelling,
 In heaven, hell, earth, water, aire, and fire.

*Song 25.**Looves Labyrinth, to Mistresse Mary Loc.*

LOvers do make themselves like conquer'd slaves;
 Sometimes themselves most valiant they doaine,
 Sometimes great Lords, with many other braves;
 Sometimes throwne down, and vanquished again.
 Their wounds, their joys, their pains their pleasures
 And happy comfort in their prisons take. (make:
 A thousand times they curse their hapless stars,
 Despising life, and happy death Implore,
 Yet in the end, so valiant in those wars
 Of life and death, and other passions more,
 That thousand deaths, they say they pass and try,
 And yet they never make an end to dye.
 They give, They gain, They heal, They wound, They ply
 Their soul, Their life, Their harms, Their hearts, Their
 They joy, They live, They burn, They plain, They dy (tears:
 With hap, With hope, With heat, With griefe, With fears.

And

And so in all their lives, and what they say,
There is a strange confusion every day.

Epithalamium,

Or

A nuptial-song.

Let now each field, with flowers be painted
Of sundry colours, sweetest odours glowing;
Roses yeild forth your smell, so finely tainted;
Calm windes, the green leaves move, with gentle
The Chrystal rivers flowing. (blowing.
With waters, be increased;
And since each one, from sorrow now hath ceased,
(From mournful plaints and sadness)
Ring forth, fair Nymphs, your joyful songs for glad-
(ness.
Of that sweet joy, delight you with such measure,
Between you both, fair illue to ingender;
Longer then *Nestor*, may you live in pleasure,
The Gods to you, such sweet content surrender;
That may make milde and tender
The Beasts in every mountain,
And glad the fields, and woods, and every fountain,
Abjuring former sadness.
Ring forth fair Nymphs, your joyful songs for glad-
(ness.
Let amorous birds, with sweetest notes delight you;
Let gentle winds retresh you, with their blowing;
Let *Ceres* with her best of goods requite you,
And *Flora* deck the ground where you are going;
Roses and Lilies strowing,
The *Jasvine*, and the *Gillow-flower*,
With many more; and never in your bower
Taste of household-sadness.
Ring forth, fair Nymgps, your joyful songs for glad-
(ness.

Sonnet XV.

A Nother *Cupid* raigues within my brest
 Then *Venus* son, that blind and frantick boy
 Divers his work, intent, and interest;
 His fashions, sports, his pleasures, and his joy.
 No sleights, deceits, nor woes, he doth inspire;
 He burns not like to that unseemly fire.
 From Reason, Will cannot my love entice,
 Since that it is not pleased in this vice.

Song 26.

*In praise of the Country-life, to my noble friend
 -Mr. Jennings.*

A Mbitio here no snares nor nets regards,
 Nor Avarice for Crowns doth lay her baits:
 The people here aspire not to estates,
 Nor hunger after favours and rewards.
 From guile, and fraud, and passions, as we see,
 Their hearts are ever free.
 Their faith's not vain,
 Both good and plain:
 Their malice small,
 They just to all:
 Which makes them live in joy and quiet peace,
 And in a mean sufficient for their ease.

Sonnet XVI.

O Nce early, as the ruddy bashful morn
 Did leave *Apollo's* Purple-streaming bed,
 And did with Scarlet-streams the East adorn;
 I unto my dear Mistress chamber sped:

She

She (Goddess-like) stood kumbing of her hair,
Which like a sable veil did cloathe her round:
Her Iv'ry Komb was white, her hand more fair;
She strait and tall, her tresses trail'd to ground.
Amaz'd I stood, thinking my Dear had been
Turn'd Goddess, ev'ry sense to Sight was gone.
With bashful blush she fled, I once be'ng seen,
Left me transformed (almost) into stone:
Yet did I wish so ever t'have remained,
Had she but stay'd, and I my sight retained.

Song 27.

The Insatiate Lover.

AS soon may water wipe me dry,
And fire my heat allay;
As you with favour of your eye
Make hot desire decay.
The more I have,
The more I crave:
The more I crave, the more desire,
As piles of wood increase the fire.

The

The Authors conclusion.

REST, good my Muse, and give me leave to rest;
We stive in vain ;

Conceal thy skill, within thy sacred brest;
Though to thy pain.

The honour great, which Poets wont to have,
With worthy deeds, lye in oblivions grave :

Each man will hide his name,
Thereby to hide his shame ;
And silence is the praise their vertues crave.

2.

To praise is flattery, malice to dispraise ;
Hard is the choice ;

What cause is left for thee, my Muse, to raise
Thy heavenly voice ?

Delight thy self on sweet *Parnassus* hill ,
And for a better time reserve thy skill ;
There let thy silver sound ,
From *Cyrra*-wood rebound ,
And all the vale, with pleasing musick fill.

3.

Then shall those fools, that now prefer each Rime,
Before thy skill,

With hand and foot, in vaine assay to clime
Thy sacred hill :

There shalt thou sit, and scorne them with disdain,
To see their fruitless labour all in vain,

And they shall fret with spight,
To see thy glory bright,
And know themselves thereto cannot attain.



Aditi-





EMBLEMATICAL
FANTASTICKS;

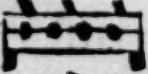

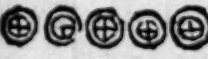



More emphatical and nu-
merous then all ever
yet printed.




To the Reader.


Search thou all  upon earths 
Lee Heelme, and ride the Astrolabe;
Such Fancies here I hold to view,
Can nowhere else be seen by u.





2 2 1 is oddes, i c:
6 2 6 most even b.
1 2 2, and 2 2 6,
At Barly-break may play fine tricks.
2 2 6, and 6 2 1,
May b in hell, when u are gone.
G













 Dis-joy'd can't be,
 If Love do say, Amen, I c.
 For where  love mutually,
 There the Affections bb.






 Put in thy 
 Or pay ; 'tis no 
 To strive, for u were drunk to day.
 Thus 'tis with  & 
 (to play)

 be his good luck,
 Well branched, such as wears 
 Whose  staring ever b


Upon  The Crest of Cuckoldry: *A y. l-
 low field, a pair of horns, & a key*


 is Musick I would wish,
 A Carp me thinks is finest 
 and a 
 And good Canary for my money.

U Drawer wash the   &  
 So that each man may see  
 When he looks on them. Next bring hither
 Tobacco, and      
 (together.




Beneath  2 lovers sat :
 from heaven pointed at
  . U must imagine none
 But would have run, 'tis 10 2 1.

But them I  sit still & dally.
 1000 kisses on the Tally


They carv'd, and  rose up,

Meaning to drink a spiced 

No  or  or ** can thwart


Those   are fluc'd by Cupids 

What  that flies in heav'ns 



Whose  chirps not Loves me


(lody?


A Song.




A Shepherd sat beneath  :

Quoth he, My fears and doubts R,

Lest *Cupid* with his  and 


Should freshly wound my wounded 

Why should the lustre of 

  or  prevail,



That I must doat, to my disgrace,
While *Cupid* doth my force assail :

His  his  & his 

His  lay broken at his feet :

The   that on the trees
(did wag,

In mournful quires did sing full sweet.

No  nor  durst there
(appear ;

Sylvanus did command them thence :

No saucie Huntsman durst come there,


To chase the   from their
(residence

The

The gods, by their almighty power,
For this sweet Shepherd kept this Bower.

O Why should u so captious b?
No fault I would have lovers c
In their beloveds. Those 2 nice
Me thinks are still yy.


Question.

Good Sir, how came you lose your 

Answer.

With walking in those mists arose
In *Prig-ardy*.


Question.

Indeed 'tis true,
The French many makes to rue.
Whenas thy  once go down,

Hold fast thy  upon thy 

Answer.

No matter, 'tis but a French Jig;
And I can buy 

 untwin'd can't b.

    make i c.

G 3

r great

r great brags deeds ? or can he be
True 2 1, hath broke with 3 ?
He's knavish yy, and ne'er was true:
Besides, in means he doubles u.

An l of Pudding can't suffice
His gur that is of lll size.

Still perplexed, full of Feares ;
Their houres are months ;
Ever in a wand'ring Maze
Are those that do on Beautie gaze :
their months are years.

Lovers see more wonders than

If once possessed, forty to ten,
 If love leave them when they are alone :
 Mad-men when vil life is gone.

Such as Death is self affrights ; Leannels,
 roving, idle praises, Curles,
 blessings, strange Fantasies, Fevers, Agues,
 Bro ken sleeps, tormenting nights,
 and Despair,
 First built Loves Castle
 in the Air.
 Foolish Mortals , do not post
 To enter here, unto your cost.
Cupid's Messengers will come,
 DESIRE and INCLINATION,
 You need not fear,
 Will bring you here,
To taste those Ills
That thousands kills.
 Force not your selves,
 Yee foolish Elves ,
 To dote
 Upon a Note
 is sung
 By her is yong.
For know, one time or other you shall
prove,
(Maugre your wills) there is a god of
love.



Additional amorous Discourses, Poems, Dialogues, Letters, &c.

A Young Gentleman being taken with the love of a Lady, thus accosteth her. Suppose the name to be

FORTUNATUS, and ADRASTINA.

For. **A**ll hail, thou model of divine perfections: may all the blessings heavens can send to mortals, shewre down upon your head. Vouchsafe to cast one favourable look upon a creature wholly devoted to your service; and let not rigour steer your actions, to play the tyrant over him, whose heart is vow'd a Sacrifice to your love.

Adrast. Pardon, Sir, a womans weakness, if she take the boldness to say, her shallow capacity cannot apprehend the height of your Oratory: yet must I render thanks for your wishes, and wish that I could be so thankful as to meet you in an equal affection: but since affection cannot be forced, you must pardon me, if I say, I cannot love.

Fortu. Not love? heavens forbid that so great cruelty should reside in so divinely faire a creature.

ture. Let not such harsh speeches proceed from so sweet a mouth, unless it be out of a Maiden bashfulness; whose very strongest negatives do but affirm a grant: such I both hope and wish is your denial.

Adrast. I must confess, Sir, your thoughts I cannot hinder; yet would I gladly perswade you to believe the truth, that my denial is unfeigned: however, I shall willingly submit my weaker judgment to the government of your better understanding.

Fortu. Divinest Lady, to whose beauty I am beholden for whatever I have; since you have been pleased to honour me with so high a title as is that of your governour, give me leave to command (but alas, 'tis impossible) or at least to beg (which is most suitable) one salve from those Star-shining eyes, which have shot forth their conquering darts at my love-sick heart, making me acknowledge the conquest yours, my self happy in your being victorious. O heavenly *Adrastina*! govern and direct me; for I am wholly given over unto thee.

Adra. Sir, Were I but ascertained of the truth and reality of your affection, I might perhaps meet your love with an equal burning; but——

Fortu. Pardon, sweet soul, my interrupting you. If my love be not real, let me be an object of all mens scorn, and let the heavens (as a just guerdon of my dissembling) showre down upon me their most horrible plagues: but if it be love, chaste and real love, let our souls meet in a reciprocal affection, and be imparadized into fruition of each other.

Adrast. As far as a Virgins modesty will permit her, hereafter I shall be ever ready to accomplish your desires, and obey your commands; and in

the

the mean time be confident, that I am entirely yours. But time calls me away. All happiness attend you.

Form. And as in you all vertues shine, so upon you may all the blessings both of heaven and earth wait.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman requesting Love.

COnsidering with my self, most divine Lady, the many vertues wherewith nature hath in a superabundant measure adorned you, and then weighing the insufficiency of any service I can do you; my trembling hand is scarce able to hold the pen, and my stammering tongue dare hardly express that which my afflicted heart desireth to manifest unto you: yet love, which holds in his dominion my enflamed heart, forceth me to lay open to your sweetest self the secrets of my love-tormented brest. Excuse then, I humbly beseech you, these humble lines, that invisibly present to your fair hands an humbler suit then can be exprest. I beseech you to extend a gracious hand, to stay a fainting soul from sinking, that without you is as nothing, whose worth and remembrance gives me being: for I desire not to be, where your being is not; It is that only that betters my joy, and makes me sensible of content, there being no content equal to the enjoying a companion of so great worth. To conclude, I shall expect the sentence of my life or death in your answer, and remain so perfectly yours, that I can say nothing neer it, when I say I am,

*Madam,
your most faithful, most obedient,
and most affectionate servant.*

Ans.

132 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

Another to a Gentlewoman desiring his forbearance to visit her, &c,

WITH what words sufficiently to set forth my affection, and with what expressions high enough to manifest the constancy of my love, because I cannot tell; I shall appeal to your self, whether the sincerity of my actions, and the integrity of my words, be not able to justify me. And I dare appeal to heaven, whether or no my words have in the least manner tended to dissimulation, swerving from professed truth, or my actions digressed from nature: but since your rigor pleases to command, I shall withdraw my person; yet in lieu of return, will leave my heart with you; and maugre fate, subscribe my self,

*Miss, ever thine,
in an unalterable affection.*

A Gentleman debarred the society of his Mistress, thus writes to her.

SINCE my misfortunes are so great, that those most happy opportunities we formerly enjoyed by a mutual intercourse and converse, are at present vanished, I cannot but by the'e manifest the constancy of my affection, which shall remain even to my latest gaspe. I hope, May am confident, that you will not now, after the heaping on me so many and so great favours, estrange your self: and for my part, I am and even will be, wholly thine. And since my endeavours have been so happy to win your favour, they will double in length, and redouble in goodness, the remainder of my daies.

All

All my right in all things, is yours, and your demand my content : you are my joy ; and my greatest height of happiness is to enjoy you. Your person is the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wishes, and the repast of my desires. Your love to me, is a continual hunger, after which I daily, earnestly, more and more long ; your absence, my extreme famine, which makes me pine away with grief. And if any poor endeavours of mine may be but pleasing to your most vertuous self, I shall esteem my self most happy, when most serviceable to you : And, in the mean while, shall rest assured of your love, as you may of having his heart, who is

Yours inseparably.

A Gentleman having made his suit by speech, thus seconds it by writing.

THAT I should begin my Letter with the declaration of my love, seems to me altogether preposterous and unnecessary, sith I manifested it to you so long since : But I may well bemoan my ill fortune, that cannot yet gain your good opinion of me, to credit your words, but that you still think me one of those who are altogether faithless. Is it my lot, for Love, to reap Disdain ? Let me but know where I have offended, and my life shall answer my misdemeanour. All I desire, is love, your love ; because nothing can satisfy love, but love. I could enlarge : but, lest I be too troublesome, I will say no more, but that I am

Your affectionate servant.

H

*Her Answer.**Sir,*

I Received a Paper from you, which I here answer, to clear my self of that accusation (of being scornful) which you cast upon me. That I do not forget you , witness this : but yet I am so far from being pleased with your Letters , that I can hardly bear the reading them, especially since they proceed from a deceitful heart , as I believe yours is. If then you love me, as you profess , shew it in this, That you trouble me no more with your Letters ; in hopes whereof, I remain , Sir,

*You, &c.**His Reply.**My Dearest,*

THAT you do not forget me, is my onely, my chief happiness ; but, that to think of me , should move you to impatience , is my greatest misery. What greater torment, then to love, and not to be loved again ? Heaven and earth are not able to parallel so great cruelty. But your words, that you cannot believe my feigned vows, carry with them a killing accent. O heavens ! bear ye witness of my reality and sincere affection. I love you, as I profess : but by obeying your command, a breach might be made into the love of

*Yours while he lives, and even in death.**Another.*

ACCORDING to my duty, and the obligations that lie upon me, for the manifestation of my loyal con-

constancie, I do hereby humbly kiss your hands.
protesting that my love increases and renews, with
the day, more and more. The Sun in its greatest
splendor, hath been over-pow'ed with clouds,
and darkned with mists; and sometimes even the
most constant affection has been scandalized
with disloyalty. Let Envie then pine it self to
death, and let Malice burst it self with rage; yet
will I remain constant, yet will I be unremoveable,
never to be altered from my settled resolution,
which is to be

Yours wholly and only.

*A Gentleman to his Mistress, having won her consent to
affection.*

THE thoughts of those many great favours I have
received from you, especially your grant of af-
fection, drive me to so high a rapture of joy, that
I am neither able to contain my self in any bounds,
nor yet to express the ardencie of my affection.
What shall I say? I am so full of love, that there
is no room in my heart for any thought but of thee.
Happie I, who am blessed with the love of so hea-
venly, so vertuous a companion. Now shall cu-
rrents feed on pleasures, and our eyes behold the
bliss of each other in the full comfort of all con-
tent: we will sleep in love, and wake and walk in
all fulness of joy; enjoying in our hearts more de-
lights, then either Nature affords, or Art can ex-
press; among which, this shall be chief, That thou
art mine, and that I am

Thine, &c,

136 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

A Gentleman crossed in his affection, thus writes to his Mistress.

THERE is no creature in this spacious fabrick of the whole world so wide, either of Sense or Reason, which being diseased or afflicted, but doth finde, by meer instinct of nature, some present remedy to help his infirmity, Man onely excepted, who can finde no medicine, by whose secret vertues he may allay his grief. This now I know by proof, and therefore speak by experience. But it is not to complain of you, that I now take pen in hand, but onely to lament my unfortunate birth, that has brought me into so unhappie a predicament, as to be contemned of you. And I protest, I have called my soul to an account for all her actions, but cannot accuse any one of them. Go then, my Paper, and, in your Masters name, first humbly kiss her hands, then tell her she can never heal the wound she hath made in her Faith, and my Love; which I am resolved to carry with me to my grave; hoping that the heavens, moved at last, will, through my patient suffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruel to me. However, no earthly thing shall hinder me from serving you: for I will rather die, then be inconstant in my love; and will flee, with the hazard of my life, the reproach of disloyalty.

A Gentleman going into the Country, after this manner writes his Adieu to his Mistress.

TO tell you of my constancie, I think is unnecessary, since you finde it; and to declare in what
a cor-

a continued course of perseverance, my faithful affection has gone, from its very beginning to this present, would make my Letter swell to a Volume. Besides, so perfect a thing as my love to your divine self, as it will suffer no question, so it seems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it. I could not but write to you, not knowing whether you would be pleased to grant me the favour to see you, or make me happie in the fruition of your company before my departure. And when I am abroad, my actions shall testify that you are always in my heart. And if I can be so happie to keep a room in your thoughts and memory, it will be my greatest comfort in my loneliness, and my chief joy in my recess, &c.

A Letter protesting love.

With how great pleasure do I now, whilst I sit alone, recount my happiness in my love, which, in my greatest melancholy, is my chiefest and most most pleasing comfort! If you knew but the delight that I take in the remembring your dear self, you would wonder at my felicity. I cannot tell how to express my affection. I love, I love you, yea you alone, with an everlasting and most vertuous affection. But this is too short: since then words fail, services and actions shall take their place; whose real performance shall prove a perfect demonstration of the never-altering, never-dying affection of

(My Dear)
Yours devoted, to eternily.

A

138 *The Card of Courtship: or,*

A Gentleman in the Country writes to his Mistress in London.

IT is not length of time, distance of place, or absence from you, can any whit lessen my love, or put the remembrance of your most dear self either out of my minde or heart. And seriously, were it not for the want of your dear company, I could be content always to be here: but you are the Star on whom both my good fortune and welfare depends; you are the Loadstone, whose virtue attracts, keeps, possesses my heart and thoughts, where-ever my person is. This very thing makes this place tedious to me, in that I am debarred of your society: but if the place were sweetned with your presence, I should account every tree a Paradise, and every tree would seem an Elizium, &c.

A Gentleman writes to his displeased Mistress.

IF ever anyman could on a sudden be thrown down from the highest pinnacle of Joy, to the lowest gulf of infinite unsupportable miseries; certainly I am he: for your (causeless) anger hath filled me with such a confusion of thoughts, that I know not which way to turn my self. But now at last I have got my pen to paper; which does in all humility crave pardon of you, if in any thing I have offended, or were guilty of what you dislike; and withal, promises such an amendment for the future, as shall never incur the danger of your dislike. And if ever my thoughts did receive so much as a fainting in their affections; if they have not

con-

continually with more and more ardor from time to time pursued the possession of your favour, then let heavens most horrible plagues fall upon me. Do not then use him so hardly, who would for your sake hazard himself and all his future hopes. Nay, though you should be cruelly severe to me, yet let me say thus much; There is no one in the world that does, or shall more cordially affect your person, or more really wish your good, then my dejected self, and

Your despised servant.

A Letter requesting love.

SEeing the many vertues that so resplendently shine in you, and that heavenly beauty where-with Nature in an extraordinary measure hath enriched you; unless I were blotted with a stupid senselessness, I cannot but acknowledge you divine, and able to command *Cupid* to let flie a shaft where you please. Hoping therefore your ingenuiry will admit my unpolished lines without a superficial complemental gloss, or the rich accent of a ceremonial eloquence, (which could I use; I would not) yet censure me not to be altogether void of Oratory, when my style is bound to be friendly; and the best lines are drawn from the centre of a strong affection. Know, I love: nay, start not, Madam, at that word, since you can so easily prescribe a remedy for my love-inflamed heart. Love is all I crave; which with modesty may be granted to

(Madam)

Yours to eternity.

A Letter from a Gentleman in the Country, to his sweet-heart in the City.

OF all earthly things, there is nothing wherein I take so much pleasure, or whence I receive so great content, as in the fulfilling your commands; which are so repleat with vertue, that I cannot but admire, nay adore the person in whom so much good resides. What then are all my services? even not worthy to be taken notice of by so great vertuous deserts. Should I not adore, should I not serve, should I not with a most constant affection love your dear self, I might well be branded with the base stain of stupidity. I protest, were the place of my being a Paradise, and were my company all Saints; yet, without you, should I receive little pleasure in the one, and less comfort in the society of the other. You are always present in my heart and thoughts; and as I walk alone in the fields, heaven can bear me witness how often it has heard me record your name; and with what joy I was wrapt, when the solitary woods with a pleasing echo reiterated the same, &c.

A Letter suing for Love.

Dear Madam,

I Cannot but in all humble reverence, by these, as much as they can, manifest that affection which my stammering tongue knows not how to express, nor my unable pen to delineate. Oh that my heart were transparent! there would you see a Seat ordained for your vertuous and sweetest self; a Palace of Love, where affection daily waits, to do you

your service ; a Castle altogether impregnable, till
I was over-pow'ed by darts of love, shot from
your eyes, by the string of vertue. How then to
express a gratitude sufficient to answer your good-
ness, is a thing altogether impossible, your vertue
being as unlimitable as my affection ; but such as
I can, I willingly offer ; my self, my love, yea my
whole fortunes, I humbly present you withal. You
have taken me out of my self ; and my thoughts
are not so often in mine own brest, as where you
are. You are the Loadstar of my thoughts, and
the life of my desires, with whom alone I desire to
pass my life. No marvel, if all love, if all desire,
if all affect you : for worth and desert cannot lie
unregarded. I resigne my self as your prisoner,
and as a Trophee of your victories, to remain
Yours in life, and even in death.

A Letter of complement from one friend to another.

Sir,

I Doubt not (nay, I am confident) that you will
wonder, that after the ungrate silence of so ma-
ny by-past yeers, I should now begin to make
an apologie : but, I hope, my negligence acknow-
ledged, will obtain a parden. Desiring therefore
that you will think of me with favour, and impute
my fault, not to a willing ingratitude, but to a too
great distance. But why speake I of distance ? it
was not that could make me hold back my due re-
spects ; but an incertainty ; nay, I may truly say,
an impossibility to send, was my chief, nay my on-
ly reason : yet I hope a good occasion will now
ere long bring us together, and afford us that op-
portunity of renewing friendship, which I have
long

long wished, and shall in no mean measure rejoice at last to enjoy: then shall be a time of more real and full expressions of my respects towards you, then can finde compass within this narrow page: then shall be a time, when, by a return of courtesies for received obliging favours, I shall endeavour to repay that friendship which I well understand I owe unto you. And till I can be happy in the fruition of this time, know that I study gratitude, and shall ever seriously endeavour to seem as I am, and be as I seem,

S I R,

*Your most obliged servant.**A Gentleman thus writes to his displeased uncle.*

Such and so great has been my former unhappiness, that those which should have been the tenderers of my service and respects, could have no intercourse: but seeing that it hath pleased God that the mutual love (which should before have proceeded from one to another to the comfort of both) hath again received a new birth; I hope that all injuries and by-past discontents laid aside, you will look upon me with a favourable eye.

You know, worthy Sir, that I have a long time layed in a deep Sea of affliction and sorrow, which still has increased and flowed in upon me, and will continue, unless your love and favour extend it self not onely to the pacifying the impetuosity of its waves, but also to the bringing it to so lowe an ebbe, as I may safely come to the so long look'd for shore, &c.

To

To a friend, for a received courtesie.

There hath no one experiment or occurrence happened in my time, which hath more commended and confirmed my judgement and skill of inspection into a man, then this performance of yours: for I must ingenuously confess, at the first acquaintance I had with you, I read that same reality and civility in you, which now I see lively acted by you: so that I know not whether I should applause my judgement more, or congratulate my happiness in your acquaintance, from whom I have received a courtesie of that nature, as cannot be expressed, without a due consideration of, and reflection on the high consequence and concernment of it, together with a ready thankfulness to you the author thereof; of whom I may justly say, that it hath not been so truly occasioned by some, that Forgetfulness commonly waits upon Absence, but that you will have it falsified of your self: which not only augments, but heightens the courtesie beyond the attempt of requital. And if you have any occasions wherein I may serve you, command me freely, as

Your friend and servant.

Another.

I Have hourly before me so many Monitors and Remembrancers of my engagement to you, as is sufficient to convert Ingratitude: in which respect, how am I troubled to discharge this debt! which is so great, that you must not expect an entire payment, but to take it out in several acknowledgements, as opportunity shall favour me. And since

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since the best way to cross out the score of your merit, is to begin early to make payment, I cannot omit to give you hearty thanks for your favours, which have perpetually engaged

Your very friend.

A Letter of Complement.

Sir,

MY unwilling error of not answering your Letter, I am confident your sweet indulgence will readily pardon. I could wish you were truly sensible, how happy I conceived my self in this fortunate opportunity, as literally to present you with these best of wishes I have oft (with no small ambition) sought personally to deliver, That the choicest of all joy and happiness may be shewred down upon you. And for that I yet remain in your remembrance, is my singular happiness, and your meer goodness: for, from my own worthlessness, and the strong conceit I had of your change, I could not but collect a total eclipse of your favourable aspect. And that you will be pleased to bear with this my conceited prolixity, is the earnest desire of

(Sir)

Your very humble servant.

A Letter to his Mistress.

GO, happy Paper, by command;
Take liberty to kiss a hand
More white then any part of thee,
Although with spots thou graced be.

The

The morning-air perfum'd in *May*,
The glory of the clearest day ;
The first-born Rose of all the Spring ;
The Down beneath the Turtles wing ;
A Lute just reaching to the ear.
Whateer is soft, or sweet, or fair,
Are but her shreds, who fills the place
And sum of every single grace.
As in a childe the Nurse describes
The mothers lips, the fathers eyes,
The uncles nose, and doth apply
An owner unto every part : so I
In her could analyze the store
Of all the choice ere Nature bore.
Each private piece to minde may call
Some worth, but none may match it all.
Poor emblems ! they can but express
One element of Comeliness :
None are so rich to shew in one
All simples of perfection :
Nor can the Pencil represent
More then the outward lincament ;
Then who can limn the Portraicture
Of Beauties live behaviour ?
Or what can figure ev'ry kinde
Of Jewels that adorn her minde ?
Thought cannot draw her picture full :
Even thought, to her, is gross and dull.

A Song.

I.

Keepe on your Mask, and hide your eye ;
For with beholding you, I die :
Your fatal beauty, Gorgon-like,
Dead with astonishment will strike.

H

Your

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Your piercing eyes (if them I see)
Are worse then Basilisks to me.

2.

Shut from mine eyes those hills of snow;
Their melting valley do not show:
Those Azure paths lead to despair.
O vex me not: forbear, forbear.
For while I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of heav'n is worse then hell.

3.

Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sounds like a sentence pass'd for death:
Your dangling tresses are become
Like Instruments of final doom.
Oh, if an Angel torture so,
When life is done, where shall I go?

A Poet to his Mistress.

THAT I do love, it comes to me by kinde;
That I love much, it much delights my minde:
That I love you, it is my choice of heart;
That I love you alone, 'tis your desert.
I love, yea much, yea you, yea you alone;
By kinde, minde, heart, desert, and all in one.

Another.

HER Face, her Tongue, her Wit,
So fair, so sweet, so sharp;
First drew, then bent, last knit
Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.

On his Mistress.

IF any do desire to know
Where the flow'rs of Vertue grow;
Where content, delight, or mirth
Doth inhabit upon earth:
Let them resort to me, and I
The place thereof will soon descry.

Where's Piety without deceit,
Where Love without Strife or debate;
Where Beauty's mixt with comely grace,
Vertue resideth in that place.
And in my Love all these do meet;
No marvel then if she be sweet.

The Question.

1.

I Ask thee, whence those ashes were,
Which sharine themselves in plaits of hair?
Unknown to me. Sure each morn dies
A Phoenix for a Sacrifice.

2.

I ask thee, whence those ruddy blooms
Perch'd on her cheek in scarlet gowns?
Unknown to me. Sure that which flies
From fading Roses, her cheek dyes.

3.

I ask thee, whence those Airs which flie
From birds in sweetest harmony?

H 2

Una

Unknown to me. But sure the choice
Of accents echoes from her voice.

4.

I ask thee of the Lily, whence
It gain'd the type of innocence ?
Unknown to me. Sure Nature's deck
Was ravish'd from her snowie neck.

5.

I ask thee, whence those active fires
Take light, which glide through burnisht air ?
Unknown to me : unless there flies
A flash of lightning from her eyes.

The Answer explicatory.

1.

O No ; heav'n saw mens fancy stray
To idolize but dust and clay :
That embleme gave, that they might see,
Your beauties date but dust should be.

2.

O no ; that Rose, when *June* is past,
Looks pale, as with a poyson'd blast :
And such your beauty, when as time,
Like winter, shall o'rtake your prime.

3.

No ; *Philomel*, when Summer's gone,
Hasts to the woods, her rape to mone ;
(Unwilling hers) asham'd to see
Your (unlike hers) unchastity.

4.

O no; the Phoenix shuns that place,
And fears the lustful fires embrace
Of your hot brest and barren womb,
As death, or some perpetual Tomb.

5.

O no; those stars that flie but the sight
Of what you act in dead of night:
Asham'd themselves should Panders prove
To your insatiate beastly love.

The affirmative Answer.

1.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atomes of the day:
For in pure love heav'n did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

2.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The Nightingal, when Summer's past:
For in your sweet dividing throte
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

3.

Ask me no more, where those storms light,
Which downward stoop in dead of night:
For in your eyes they set, and there
Fixed become, as in their Sphere.

4.

Ask me no more, where *Jove* bestows
(When *June* is past) the fading Rose:

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For in your beauties orient deep,
All flow'rs as in their beds do sleep.

5.

Nor ask me more if East or West
The Phoenix builds her spiced nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dies.

The Moderatrix.

1.

I'll tell you where's another Sun
That sets as rising it begun :
It is my self, who keep one sphere,
And were the same, if men so were.

2.

What need I tell, that life and death
May pass in sentence from one breath?
So issue from mine equal heart
Both love and scorn on mens desert.

3.

I'll tell you in what heav'nly hell
An angel and a fiend do dwell :
It is mine eye, whose glassie book
Sends back the gazers divers look.

4.

I'll tell you, in a divers scale,
One weight can up and downward hale.
You call me Thistle, you a Rose ;
I neither am, yet both of those.

5.

3.

I'll tell you where both frost and fire,
In peace of common seat conspire :
My frozen brest the flint is like,
Yet yeelds a spark, if well you strike.

Conclusion.

Then you that love, and you that loath,
With one respect I answer both :
For round about me glows a fire
Can melt and harden cros desire.

A Dialogue between a Maid and a young Youth.

Maid.

STay, lovely boy, why flee'st thou me,
That languish in these flames for thee ?
I'm black, 'tis true, and so is Night ;
And Love doth in dark shades delight.
The whole world, do but close thine eye,
Will seem to thee as black as I :
Or ope't, and view what a dark shade
Is by thine own fair body made,
That follows thee where-ere thou go :
Ah, who (allow'd) would not do so !
Let me for ever dwell so nigh,
And thou shalt need no other shade but I.

Youth.

Black maid, complain not that I flie,
Since Fate commands antipathie.
Prodigious will that union prove,
Where night and day together move.

H 4

And

And the conjunction of our lips,
 Not kisses make, but an eclips;
 In which the mixed black and white
 Portend more terrouer then delight.
 Yet if my shadow thou wilt be,
 Enjoy thy dearest with: but see
 Thou take my shadows property,
 Which hastes away when I come nigh:
 Else stay while death hath blinded me,
 And then I will bequeathe my self to thee.

Epigram in Amorem.

Love is all eyes, admits of no delay,
 And th'row great hardships makes an easie way.

Epigram in eundem.

Love, like a clouded star, does shine most bright,
 Where somewhat cover'd by misfortunes night.

In praise of his Mistress.

I.

I Have a Mistress for perfections rare
 In all mens eyes, but in my thoughts most fair.
 She is a model of divine perfections;
 Fortunes darling, Natures wonder:
 She is the sweetest of all sweet complexions,
 And of future joys the founder:
 In whose sweet looks are blessings three;
 Beauty, and Love, and Modestie.

2.

Ot all her sex, she is the onely splendor,
And an ornament to Fame:
For they are few can equal praises render
To her more-then-matchless frame.
Whhm if the Trojan *Paris* had but seen,
Beauty had had no other Queen.

3.

She is the onely Jewel I desire:
I can but wonder at her beauty:
She is the noble Lady I admire,
To whom I owe submissive duty.
Her modest comely shape it so exceeds,
That (to her) sweetest Roses seem but weeds.
Fair 't, to your praise, I dare affirm and tell,
Some may come nigh, few match, but none excell.

Epigram in Amorem.

O Heav'nly Love, that canst without controul;
In such a happie wo involve my soul!
Who tells me that? Love wo? no; 'tis a stem
Branching from Heav'ns Imperial Diadem.
A roll of faults the great *Comedian brings, *Te-
And says they are the meanest of Loves stings. vent.
The * Poet sings the Deity of Love, *Ovid. & alii.
And its descent brings down from mighty Jove.
Which shall I credit? (for they disagree)
The Poets sung his divine Pedigree.
Then all confess with me, infer hence even, (heaven.
All's throughly good that does come down from
Though *thou wert fatal, yet I still would cry, *Virg.
If Love be death, then let me ever die. Love.

To his Mistress Fidelia,

Shall I court Beauty of the richest dye,
 In fixing dimness on the clearest eye?
 Making spectators proud, if but one glance,
 Q; smile from it, do on them wondering chance.
 Then blame me not; for my *Fidelia's* fair,
 Her beauty never sully'd by bold air.
 Shall I court riches, and account my self
 Well match'd, if wedded but to worldly self?
 Cease Envie then, and henceforth blame not me:
 For why? *Fidelia* is too rich for me.
 Shall I seek noble birth, and think't a grace
 To match my self with one of noble race;
 Hop'ng to be esteem'd, 'cause men may see
 The empty boast of a long Pedigree?
 Then come, *Fidelia*; for we will enlarge
 A Muster-roll more lasting, with less charge.
 Shall I court one that's chaste, who is as free
 From all black deeds as purest Lilies be
 From spots, before that ruder hands do smutch
 Their unstain'd beauty with a sordid touch?
 Such is *Fidelia*, whom the Turtle-dove
 Alone resembles in her chastest love.
 Shall I court Vertue, and account her best
 To be accepted as my constant guest?
 Come then, *Fidelia*, thou most blessed soul,
 Who dost all virtues in thy self inroul.
 Who'll blame me now? *Fidelia's* fair, chaste, good,
 Possess'd of riches, come of noble blood.
 And now, *Fidelia*, do'n't you think that I
 Have said ought here, that may be thought too
 Nor think I flatter, pray: for if you be (high:
 Such to none else, by——y' are to me.

A SONG.

His Mistress sad and grieved.

I.

CAN any see my Mistress frown,
And yet not with her be cast down?
The Sun, as mourning, light withdrew;
Day clouds it self in sable hue.
I in her countenance did see
How great a darkness soon would be.

2.

The grief that did my Love annoy,
Anticipates our next days joy:
The heav'ns, with her, are sad, and cloud
Their shining beauty in a cloud;
Distilling down themselves in rain,
That sorrow should such beauty stain.

3.

Can I be merry, and she grieve?
Shall I mine eyes from tears reprieve,
Since melancholy has possess'd
(My onely Joy) thy lovely brest?
Oh, no! her sadness I can n't see,
But with a loving sympathy.

4.

See how her tears bedew her cheeks;
Her sighs her inward sadness speaks.
How can my joys increase or grow,
Since you, my Sun, are clouded so?
Help (Heav'ns) to chear her, or I die:
Her grief's my endless misery.

A Song, out of my History of F. and A.
A Gentlewoman singing to her Lute, sends forth this
Ditty.

1.

IS not (sweet Lute) my chaste life best?
No foolish thoughts ever come neer
My unpolluted maiden-brest,
That make me either doubt, or fear.
Come then, my Lute, and help me with thy play,
To pass some trifling idle hours away.

2.

Poor silly souls! guided amiss
Into belief by Poets tales,
That such a thing as Cupid is,
Whose arrow level'd never fails.
But I (my Lute) am free: help me to play,
With thy sweet notes, some trifling hours away.

3.

Thus will I keep my Virgin ty,
Seeking to get no other mate,
Whereon my bale or joy shall ly,
Then thou my Lute, who first my share.
Come then (Companion) help me with thy play,
To pass some trifling idle hours away.

Song 2. *ex eadem.*

1.

IN fetters bound, I freedom finde;
And though I am with cares oppress,
Yet have I now content in minde,
And am from troubles quite releast.

How

How can this be ? In Loves Gyves I am bound,
Yet joy and freedom in my love have found.

2.

Since Fortune then has rockt my sense
Into a sleep which fancy pleases;
I will not seek to give offence
To her who thus my torment eases;
But with a quiet silence will submit,
Enforced by Love's power unto it.

Song 3. *ex eadem.*

Come, *Philomel*, thou messenger of Spring;
Tune thy more pleasing notes, and to us sing;
And of thy fellow-singers get a Quire,
To chant such consorts as exceeds desire.
See! it is done: heark how the pretty birds
Set out their notes; how freely they afford
Their harmony, which with delight our souls
Into a sweet felicity inrouls.
See how the sportive windes, with gentle gales,
On yond' bough kisses constantly entails;
And they as 'twere with willing bendings meeting,
His persever'd and constant proser'd greeting.
Would you know why the birds so pleasant are?
Why windes and trees such love t'each other bear?
'Tis this; That I should with a loving fear,
As they me teach, know, *Adrastina's* here.

Certain



**Certain Complemental Letters,
and Forms both to begin and
end all Epistles.**

A Letter of Love.

IF I were to wish a titular happiness, it should
only be, now to know by what name, of some-
what more then ordinary nearness, I might ren-
der my best respects and affection towards you: but
such is my unworthiness, as hath no such power in
any small proportion to be endeared to your good-
ness; though, of all other earthly things, I most
earnestly desire the accomplishment: it would make
me, of now miserable, to approach to some possi-
bility of comfort. I confess I love you, first, in
your person, whose feature merits beyond admira-
tion; secondly, your vertuous worth and unparal-
lell'd qualities, rarely found in these giddy times,
(both suting in a fit way to imparadise the posses-
sor) hath forced many to attempt the attaining, and
hath taken me, whose resolution was quite retired
from such apprehensions, &c.

Another.

IBeseech you, Madam, excuse my boldness, in
taking in hand to discover unto you the Mar-
tyrdom I suffer for your excellencie: which is so
much

much the more ardent, in that I keep it close and covert : yet cannot the reverence I bear you have so great a sway, but that my affection forces me to discover it self unto you. Be pleased then, in your most milde nature, and more temperate consideration, to vouchsafe with patience to hear my humble suit, and to apply some Cordial to my wounded heart, which lies both hopeles and hapless, unless your mercy daign a cure. O bitter () constant onely to averiness; in all that tends to my consolation, unconstant; One day promising success to my well-cherished and aspiring hopes, the next day punishing my desires with cruelty : now wringing my hopes with a willing consent, and making my soul bathe in the stream of heavenly contentment; and immediately thrusting my heart out of Paradise, into the wilde desert of Discourtesie; thus continuing rather to kill, than cure the wound given by thy dear self, &c.

A Letter from one friend to another.

IF I had begun my friendship with thee for the increase of thy riches, it should now have vanished, because Fortune frowns on thee in the decay of thy wealth : but such could never have been rightly called Friendship, but meer Flattery : but you know my heart is yours in a perpetual friendship ; insomuch that if there be any thing wherein I may employ myself to pleasure you, you may command me, as him who is gladly ready to accomplish your will, and to wait upon your commands.

One

One writes after this manner to a Slander.

UNto thee, which speakest evil of me, I intend not to answer evil, lest thereby thou shouldst be deterred from saying evil by me, that is to say, from praising me: for who is more rightly praised, then he of whom evil is spoken by an evil man? And be not angry that I call thee evil, since it is so far from being evil said, that nothing can be said better.

A short and witty Letter to a friend.

THou supposest thy self to be contemned, because I visit thee not by my Letters: I might despise, though I should write unto thee: for if I contemned thee, then durst I write unto these Answers, either that I am busied, or that I cannot spare so much time for thee. Farewel.

A Letter to a forgetful friend.

I See in thee the old Proverb shall be verified: for thou hast sent me that, which, at my last being with thee, thou didst promise. I finde my self grieved, if thou hast forgotten it; but it increaseth my trouble, if thou hast not forgotten it. To forget, is the property scarce of a friend: but not to give according to promise, when it is remembred, is the known (or at least, suspected) badge of an enemy. Hereafter, either never promise, or perform better: for, much more friendly had it been, to have absolutely denied that, which I so earnestly requested, then

then not to perform that, which you so liberally promised: then had we still been *paries*, equal; for I had received no injury, in regard you owed me nothing: but now I take my self to be wronged, because you are and must be in my debt, seeing you promised it me. And yet it will not enter into my belief, nay, nor into my thoughts, that you are of those people, whom their promises binde not. But that hereafter I may not have cause to believe it, I would wish you to keep such promises to your self. Onely this I request, that if you will perform unto me that benefit, yet leave off to be injurious, in forbidding me to hope any longer in vain. To conclude, I shall think my self obliged to you, if you give me that which I request; and shall greatly wonder, if you give it me not. Farewel.

*A Letter of Thanks for courtesies.**Sir,*

I Had thought, by my Letters, several times, to have returned you thanks for those many favors I have and do daily receive from your hands, lest I might have been thought ingrateful, or esteemed rude: yet still deferred I the time, as not willing by my haste to trifle time from your more serious affairs. But now the thought of the greatness of your friendly love to me, makes me break my long-kept silence (to avoid the stain of uncivil & proud, and to give you thanks not onely because you bestow on me so great commendations, but in regard of your friendship. To you ought I to make recompence, even above my power; for whose sake, no labour should be spared, but even the most difficult things atchieved, by (Sir)

*Your most affectionate friend.**A*

*A Letter to a friend, to put him in minde of
some business.*

IT is very well known unto me, that no neglect hath at any time kept you back from satisfying my desires, which, through your innate goodness, you have ever reputed as your own. And now not onely the offer which with a willing minde you have many times made; but also the experience which I have had of you, emboldens my Pen to trouble you. My business, therefore, and the urgency of mine occasions, constraining me to make use of that love and affection which I know you bear me, in being mindful of those things whereof you know, that they may not fail for want of a manager; hoping to be pleased of you, as of him in whose care I put my trust in all things: In return whereof, you shall dispose of me, as of

Your perfect and real friend.

A Letter of request to a friend.

THe hopes and fidelity which I have always had in you, and the offers which many times, with an affectionate minde, you have made unto me, doth comfort me in any affliction, and move me in this my necessity to have recourse unto you; remaining confident, that your deeds will be correspondent unto your words, and that you will help me. Hoping therefore your willingness, and not doubting your ability, I desire that you would aid me against the contrarieties of my adverse fortune, whose impetuousness, without your assistance, will make me lose my self and you.

Your ready friend to serve you.

A Letter to a friend.

COnsidering with my self the small puissance of my weak Pen, and with what authorized eloquence it were necessary to fill my Letters to you; I am as it were astonished, and especially for the receipt of your copious Epistles: but my unable hand being unable that way, knows onely how to teach me to subscribe my self

Yours, &c.

The Answer.

YOur phrase of speech is so neatly adorned, and so eloquently compacted, that it will ask much time of a knowing Pen to make a sufficient and ~~usable~~ answer: therefore I, who am ignorant, must not think to do it. But though I have not that Oratory that were requisite, yet must I enforce my self, for duty-sake, to write you some part of an Answer, that so you might rather blame me for insufficiency then ingratitude. Hoping therefore you will not so much look at the stile, as the hand; and pardon the failings, because your friend's, remain, &c.

A Letter of Thanks.

THough at the present, through Fortunes uncon-
stancy, and the contrariety of the times, I finde
my self unable to make a return sufficient for your
deserts; yet I trust that you will so accept of my
good will, as to esteem me thereby to have satisfied
for every default of my unfortunate Fortune, taking
the

the will for the deed. But if ever Fortune, who is changeable, do again lay aside her cruelty, and smile upon me, blowing with the winde of Prosperity upon the sayls of mine honest intent; there is not a man in the whole world, that more largely shall dispose of me and all my possibilities, then shall your goodness, &c.

Another.

IF God had so enriched me with his favour, that I had been as able to have made a retaliation for so many your benefits, as I finde my self not only able and willing, but even desirous to render you infinite thanks; assure your self I would have been as ready to the satisfaction of the deed, as the good will. Therefore, as far as extendeth at this present my weak ability, I minde not to be ungrateful to you. I give you therefore most hearty thanks for your courtesies to your undeserving servant; and offer my self always unto you, in all that shall be possible for me, &c.

A Letter of News.

Sir,

I Hope you will pardon my silence hitherto, seeing these times besit none but Satyrists to write, who in their railing terms can best paint our mens actions, and give your ears better satisfaction then our thred-bare Rhetorick, which becomes nothing so ill as News, especially if bad: therefore I could wish, that Feet as well as Hands might guide my Pen, that so I might become Satyrist, and better acquaint you with that of which I shall
speak

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nd
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en

Speak a little in brief. We are here in a halting condition, by the loss of those members which were lately cut off; and expect every day a final ruine, unless, like the snake after dissection, we can assume our own genuine parts, and so again become whole, &c. No more at present, but that I am

S I R,

Your assured friend.

A Letter to a friend.

Sir,

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L

THOUGH I love to be free with a friend, yet am I ever loth to over-burden a free friend, and making Friendship my rule. I hope I shall not transgress, though I make bold to put you in minde of me: and seriously, had I not a present occasion, I should neither be so importunate nor troublesome. The performance of this, will adde a stronger tie to our friendship. And as I rejoyce in the happiness of my enjoying such a friend; so I will be bold to say, You shall never have cause to repent or be ashamed of the friendship of

S I R,

*Yours assuredly
to serve you.*

A Letter of excuse for not writing.

IF in times past I have not written unto you, as my duty was, it hath been for the urgent business and great affairs that hindred me, and not but

but that my whole trust and confidence hath always remained in you : And chiefly, when I record with my self the singular love which you have always with great reality expressed towards me. And because it is better to express some part of my duty late, then never ; I am moved to write unto you these presents, that you may participate with me of my profit and prosperity, as you have formerly of my adversity ; aiding, counselling, and favouring me, more then I could think to deserve of you, &c.

A Letter of Thanks.

ALthough I have no business whereof I may write unto you ; yet nevertheless, the great love equal betwixt us, will not suffer me to let slip any messenger that goes towards you, whereby I may testify my thankfulness to you for the pains you have taken in my business : and know, that I confide so much in you, that I intrust and trouble you still further, desiring your assistance ; and if you have any occasion to use me, I shall serve you most willingly : and if you will visit these parts, you cannot be more welcome to any friend, then you shall be to him, who rejoyces in the happiness of your acquaintance ; the continuance whereof he as much desires.

Yours, &c.

A Short Letter to all his friends.

YOU are many, which at once demand Letters from me ; and behold, I send unto you that are many, but one onely Letter : for it becometh to send one onely Epistle to many, whom

only love : the which shall be as good as many,
when many of you shall read it.



**Divers Forms of Subscribing and
Superscribing Letters.**

Subscriptions.

Your most obedient son.
Yours affectionately.
Yours in a perpetual friendship.
Yours to serve you in all things to his power.
Your most humble, most obedient, and most affectionate servant.
Yours living and dying.
Yours in an unalterable affection.
Yours inseparably.
Your real and ready friend.
Yours to be commanded.
By yours assured.
Your faithful friend for ever.
Your loving father.
Your very dutiful daughter.
Your obliged kin man.
Your friend and master.
Your trusty servant, to do your commands.
Your Lordships humble honourer.
Yours to my latest gasp.
The humble admirer of your incomparable beauty.
Yours faithfully, though neglected.
Yours eternally, even in death.
Yours *sans complement*.

Super.

Superscriptions.

TO the high and mighty Lords, the States General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

For the Right Honorable my very good Lord, R. Earl of *Essex*.

For the high and mighty Prince, *Lewis 12.* King of *France and Navar.*

For the Right Honorable, the Lord Viscount *Sey* and *Seal*, &c.

To the Right Worshipful, Sir *T.R.* Knight, of *Eaton* in *Bedford-shire*.

For the Worshipful Master *A.* Merchant and Citizen of *London*.

For his assured and trusty friend, Mr *M.P.*

For his approved friend *T.M.* Esquire.

For his most loving father Mr *E.C.*

To his loving son *C.L.* at his chamber in *Grays* Inn, these.

For his trusty and faithful servant, *D.E.*

For his desired friend *M.T.* aboard the *Antilope* in the Downs.

For my very dutiful daughter *E.M.*

To his loving Master, Mr. *E.P.*

For the dearest to me of all earthly creatures, Mistress *M.K.* these, with my love and service.

To my best beloved choice, Mistress *A.C.*

For my dear uncle, *G.M.* Esquire.

For his hopeful kinsman, *H.L.*



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